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• AND •

FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

A GOLDEN TREASURE OR THE MYSTERY OF AN OLD TRUNK

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



The bearded man seized Tom and forced him out on the window-sill. "Help! Help!" shrieked the boy, gripping the sides of the window in a desperate effort to save himself.
Will, hearing his cry, came running up the stairs.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

JNA

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A GOLDEN TREASURE

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF AN OLD TRUNK

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

A MYSTERIOUS OLD TRUNK.

"Say, dad, what's in that old trunk over in the corner?" asked Tom Jones of the man he called father, but who really bore no relationship to him.

"Never mind about that trunk, son," replied William Jones, familiarly called Bill in the neighborhood. "It don't concern you. It belongs to an old friend of mine who left it with me to keep for him."

"You've kept it a long time, for it's been there ever since I can remember," said the boy.

"What if it has? It'll stay there as long as I stay, unless—"

Bill Jones paused abruptly and looked nervously out of the open attic window up and down the long country road which swept toward the cliffs and then disappeared down the incline which led to the village of Stormport.

"Until the owner comes for it, if he ever does," said Tom, completing the sentence as he supposed his father had intended to do. "Don't you know what's in it?"

"I don't know nothin' about it," said Jones, senior, shortly. "I don't pry into what don't concern me." Tom grinned, for he knew different. "You don't want to go near that trunk under any circumstances, understand? It's dangerous."

"Dangerous!"

"Yes," said Bill Jones, in an impressive way. "That there trunk is ha'nted."

"Haunted!" ejaculated Tom, incredulously.

"Sure as you live, son."

"Nonsense, father."

"There ain't no nonsense about it."

"What makes you think it's haunted?" asked the boy, curiously.

"Look here, you don't want to be so inquisitive," said Jones, senior, sourly.

"How can I help being inquisitive over such a statement? I don't believe any such tommyrot."

"Oh, you don't? Let me tell you somethin' then. Several times when I've come up here of a night arter somethin' I've wanted, I seen a man—a tall, ghostly-lookin' chap—sittin' on that trunk."

"You saw that?"

"I did," said Bill Jones, solemnly. "The first time I seen the apparition I took it for a tramp that had sneaked up here and was hidin', waitin' his chance to rob the place arter the house was shut up for the night, and I flung the box I had in my hand at him."

"Well?"

"It went right through him, as slick as a knife through soft butter, and hit the wall behind, kerflop!"

"It did?"

"It did," nodded Mr. Jones, with a confirmatory wag of his head.

"You were dreaming."

"No, I wasn't. I was as wide awake as I am now."

"Oh, the wind blew through his whiskers—sizz!" chirped Tom.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Bill Jones, suspiciously.

"You ought to write that out and send it to the Psychological Research Society. They keep a record of all true ghost stories. I've read a number of them that they have had printed, and they're strong enough to make your hair curl," said Tom, who felt like laughing at the yarn his father had just got off.

Tom's mention of the Psychological Society was so much Greek to his father, who had never heard of it.

He was not a well-educated man, as his tastes had never run to books and book learning when he was young, and what learning he acquired was driven into his head by a country schoolmaster.

His father had been a fisherman of no great pretensions, and his mother had been on the same plane as her husband.

Bill Jones went fishing with his father till his mother became a widow, and then he fished on his own hook.

He married a woman of his own class, who brought him no children, but one morning he made his appearance at his humble home, leading a very little but well-dressed boy by the hand, and that little boy, whatever his right name might have been, was at once christened Tom Jones, and as such we introduce him as our hero.

The coming of Tom Jones produced a wonderful change in the fortunes of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Jones.

In a few days they moved into the Stormport Inn, on the highroad, outside of the town, and Bill Jones disposed of his fishing smack and his humble habitation close to the beach under the cliffs.

The former proprietor of the inn went his way with his family, presumably to a small adjacent city, and that's the last that was heard of them.

Where Bill Jones had acquired the money to buy out the Stormport Inn with, for he was known to be poor, was a source of wonder for a long time in the Stormport fishing colony.

When approached on the subject by inquisitive friends, he gave out, and so did his wife when she was questioned by the female element, that he had come into an unexpected

legacy by the death of a relative in Boston, and so he and his wife rose several pegs in the estimation of their boon associates, and were kowtowed to as people of some importance, which goes to show that prosperity has its advantages in more ways than one.

When Bill Jones came in possession of the Stormport Inn it had no great trade outside the usual transient custom that passed between Stormport and the next village to the north.

The stage that carried the tri-weekly mail always stopped there, going and coming, to water the horses and enable the passengers to call for liquid refreshment.

Bill Jones' friends, however, began coming there to see him, now that he was a person of property, and they brought others, and after a time the inn accumulated quite a steady trade, chiefly after dark.

Young Tom Jones became an object of general interest at first.

Everybody knew he wasn't Bill Jones' natural son.

He became the gossip of the neighborhood, and people wondered who he really was.

As Bill and his wife wasn't giving out any information on the subject they didn't find out.

As Tom's coming was coincident with Bill Jones' rise in fortune, the general conclusion reached was that the boy had something to do with it.

It was argued that the relative who left his money to Bill had done so conditionally that he should take charge of the boy and bring him up.

Whether this was the fact was never actually established, but as it was generally so believed, it went at that.

So the years passed and Tom grew to be the stalwart, good-looking lad we have introduced to the reader's attention.

He knew Bill and his wife were not his parents, and he had an indistinct vision of having once lived in a nice large house, surrounded by pretty grounds, somewhere, but he had long since accustomed himself to looking on Innkeeper Jones and his wife as his foster parents, and accorded them all the respect and obedience he believed they were entitled to, particularly as he was well treated as a whole, and allowed to have considerable of his own way.

He developed an amazing liking for school as soon as he was sent to the village schoolmarm, and his progress in learning was quite rapid.

A grammar school was established in Stormport about the time Tom was ready for it, and he went through it like a mouse through new cheese.

When he graduated from it, Bill Jones astonished his friends by sending him to the high school in the next town.

Although Bill Jones had no great learning himself, he respected it in others, but why he went to the trouble of sending Tom to acquire what the fishing colony termed frills, was another of the unexplainable mysteries of the Jones' household.

On the afternoon we introduce Tom and his foster-father to the reader, they had gone to the attic of the inn to look for some article stored there that Mrs. Jones had promised to present to some less fortunate friend.

During the fifteen years the Jones family had lived at the inn quite a museum of odds and ends had accumulated under the roof, so that the search for the article in question had taken some time, and had not been successful up to the moment that Tom directed attention to the old trunk.

As Tom had remarked, it had been there from his earliest recollection and always in the same place; but one thing the keen-eyed lad had noticed, and that was while the dust lay more or less thick on every other article in the attic, the trunk was comparatively free from it.

He also noticed faint footprints in the dust around the front of it.

From these indications he suspected that somebody occasionally went to the trunk, and that somebody could only be, in his opinion, Bill Jones, since nobody else, except himself once in a while, ever came up there.

That's why he asked his stepfather what was in the trunk, and the answer he received satisfied him that the innkeeper handled the truth very carelessly.

"I don't know nothin' about the Psycho-what-ever-you-call-it Research Society," growled Bill Jones. "I never heard about it. I s'pose you read about it in the paper. There seems to be nothin' in the papers, or in them books you fetch here from the village library, that you can't read. I never see a chap what takes to books like you do. Why, the first day you went to school you learned your letters—the whole of 'em. Your marm thought that was the wonderfulest thing she ever heard of. So that Psycho-whatever-you-call-it Society

prints ghost stories, eh? Well, son, I could tell 'em enough about that trunk to fill a hull column of a newspaper."

"So you really think that trunk is haunted?"

"I don't think nothin' about it, I know it is."

"That must be the reason there isn't any dust on it like there is on everything else up here," said Tom, slyly.

"No dust on it?"

"It's stood there for twelve years or more, and nobody ever goes near it, and yet it looks as if it was in regular use. If the ghost you saw sitting on it is that of the man who owned it, maybe he comes here quite often and opens it each time to make sure nobody has monkeyed with the contents. Those footprints in the dust must have been made by the ghost," and Tom looked keenly at the innkeeper.

That individual looked a bit startled and perhaps uneasy.

Whether it was on account of Tom's suggestion of the ghost making frequent visits to the attic, or for some other reason, could not be determined.

"I'm afraid you're right, son," he said, after a pause. "That accounts for the awful groans I've heard over my head sometimes. It's a warning for us to give the trunk a wide berth."

"Then you don't intend to open it and see what's inside?"

"No good ever comes tamperin' with dead men's effects," said Bill.

"Then you know that the owner of that trunk is dead?"

"Son, you ask too many questions. Let's go down. We can't find that there article your marm wants. At any rate, I hain't got no more time to waste huntin' for it. There's an automobile comin' down the road, and I reckon it'll stop here. They always do, either for gasoline or drinks."

Thus speaking, Mr. Jones started down the stairs, and Tom, after a last look at the trunk, which had now become an object of curious interest in his eyes, followed.

CHAPTER II.

THE STRANGER.

As Bill Jones had surmised, the automobile did stop at the inn.

It contained two well-dressed men, one of whom acted as chauffeur.

They got out and entered the inn.

They came face to face with Tom who was coming out to see if the watering trough needed replenishing.

One of them uttered an ejaculation and stared hard at the boy.

Tom bowed respectfully to him.

"Who are you?" asked the gentleman.

"Tom Jones, sir. Son of William Jones, proprietor of this inn."

"Oh!" said the man, letting out a deep breath.

Then he and his companion entered the public room and went to the bar where Jones, senior, was in attendance.

Tom found the water low in the trough, so he got a bucket, and filled it from the well in the yard.

While he was thus engaged a well-dressed boy, son of a prosperous farmer in the vicinity, drove up in a light wagon.

This was Will Carter, Tom's particular friend.

"Hello, Tom!" said Will, jumping out and unhitching his animal's check-rein so he could help himself to a drink.

"Hello, Will!" responded Tom. "Where are you bound—the village?"

"Yes. I'm going to the store where we trade to get a whole list of things for my mother, and then I'm going to the post-office for our mail. The coach passed an hour ago."

"Well, don't be in a hurry. Stop and talk a while. I'm not very busy just now."

After the horse had drunk enough, Will tied him to a hitching-post and followed Tom into the back yard, where they sat upon a log of wood in the afternoon sunshine.

"Say, what do you think, we've a haunted trunk in our attic," said Tom, with a broad grin.

"A haunted trunk! What are you giving me?" said Will.

"It's an old trunk that's been there fifteen years or so. Dad says it belongs to an old friend of his who left it in his care and hasn't returned for it. We were up in the attic a little while ago and I asked dad about it. He didn't want to talk about it at first, but when I persisted he told me it was dangerous—haunted, in fact."

"Do you believe that?"

"Sure not. I'll tell you what he said he'd seen," and Tom recounted the statement Bill Jones had made about having

seen a tall, ghastly looking man, with a bad wound, seated on it, when he went up there of a night.

Will listened and looked solemn.

"Say, your garret might be haunted. The inn is an old building, and some old buildings are said to be haunted. That chap might have been murdered in the house long before you people bought the inn," he said.

"Get out! There isn't any such thing as ghosts," said Tom.

"Oh, come now, how do you know that? You loaned me a small book you picked up somewhere which was full of ghost stories authenticated by the Psychological Research Society. If that society warranted them as genuine there ought to be some truth in them. Some of the stories were fierce."

"Well, I don't believe that trunk or our attic is haunted, at any rate."

"Then your father must have had some reason for giving you that yarn."

"Sure he did. He doesn't want me to monkey with the trunk. He knows what's in it, all right, and he intends to keep it to himself. He thought he'd frighten me, just as if he could."

"Are you going to investigate the trunk on the quiet?"

"I haven't made up my mind about that. I don't like to go against dad's wishes, for he treats me very decent. If he'd said to me, 'Son, that there trunk is not to be touched. I have my reasons for it. Now don't you touch it,' then I would not think of looking into it, which I can't do anyway without breaking it open, for it's locked. The yarn about the ghost, however, has aroused my curiosity about what is in it, and if I could find the key I'd take a peep."

"Probably it only holds old clothes."

"It holds something heavier than clothes. I tried to lift it and it felt as if it was full of lead or iron."

"Or bricks," grinned Will, who had heard about people leaving trunks behind them with enough bricks or stones to make them reasonably weighty.

"No, there are no bricks, nor lead, nor iron in that trunk. I am sure of that, though I've never looked into it. There's something valuable in it or dad wouldn't be so particular about it."

"If it's been stored in your attic so long without the owner coming to claim it I should think your father would have the right to assume that the owner was dead, and take possession of the contents. According to law, an innkeeper has the right to auction off any property left unclaimed on his hands for a certain length of time. A public house is not a storage place, and landlords are not expected to hold other people's property indefinitely."

"I guess you're right, but that old trunk seems to be a sort of special deposit."

"You don't know who the man was who left it with your father?"

"No. I haven't the least idea. The first time I remember going into the attic I saw the trunk there. That was all of ten years ago."

"If, as you say, you think it contains something of value I should think your father would feel justified in disposing of it, for surely the original owner must be dead or he would have turned up long before this and taken it away. People do not generally abandon anything that's worth having."

"That's right. I think there is some mystery about it, that's why I'd like to go into it. A mystery has a fascination for me. I like to probe them."

"You're as bad as a woman, Tom," laughed Will. "They're always curious about what they can't understand."

They talked for a while longer and then Will said that the sun was getting low and that it was time he went on to the village and made his purchases.

Tom walked out of the yard with him and bade him good-by. The automobile had gone on its way a long time since.

Our hero watched his friend vanish around the turn in the road and then turned to enter the public room of the inn.

Stepping on to the long porch he glanced out over the farming country, all tilled and growing, for it was the first week in June, and then up the road toward the next town.

Coming toward the inn, on foot, he saw a tall, strongly built man, with a grip in his hand.

"Who is this, I wonder?" he asked himself, gazing at the stranger, who came on at a free-and-easy gait, as if the world were his, and he didn't care whether school kept or not. "He must be bound for the village, and will probably stop here for a drink, but why didn't he come by the stage? Only tramps walk, and he is certainly not a tramp."

As the stranger came nearer, Tom saw he was heavily

bearded and that his face, such of it as could be seen, was dark and swarthy, like one whose calling exposed him to daily intercourse with the wind and sun.

Tom did not go in the house, but waited for the man to come up.

His boots were covered with the dust of the road, and he puffed at a briar-root pipe.

He turned in toward the inn.

Tom noticed that the man eyed him with unmistakable interest as he approached.

"Well, sonny, this is the Stormport Inn, I reckon," he said, pausing before the boy.

"Yes, sir. The sign over the door is plain evidence of that fact."

"And I s'pose Bill Jones is still proprietor of this establishment?"

"He is."

"And you are Tom Jones?"

"I am. How did you guess it?"

The stranger chuckled.

"Bless you, sonny, I can see Bill Jones written all over your face."

"That's more than anybody else can see. I don't look a bit like dad, nor like marm, either."

The stranger chuckled again.

"How did I know you, then, sonny?" he grinned.

"You just guessed at it."

"Which proves I'm a good guesser. So Mrs. Bill is still alive and kicking."

"She's alive, yes. You talk as if you knew her."

"I reckon I've met her more'n once. Where's Bill?"

"Reading a newspaper behind the bar. You appear to know Mr. Jones. One would think from the way you talk that you were a personal friend of his. Now I recollect every one who's been calling on terms of intimacy for the past ten years, and I don't remember ever having seen you before."

"You don't remember ever seeing me before, eh?" chuckled the stranger.

"Never to my knowledge."

"That's what I call pretty good. Haw! haw! haw!"

The laugh penetrated the public room and reached the ears of Bill Jones.

The newspaper slipped out of his fingers and his rubicund visage paled visibly.

Why should the laugh of a man out on the porch whom he had not yet seen so affect him?

Was it because he knew that particular laugh, and instinctively recognized the stranger by it?

Perhaps so.

He clutched the edge of the bar as though he would have crushed it.

"So he's come at last?" he muttered between his teeth. "I knew it. I knew he wasn't dead. I felt it in my bones that some day he'd turn up; that's why I didn't dare—oh, the scoundrel! Some people never get what's comin' to 'em."

Evidently, Bill Jones was not over delighted at the unexpected appearance of his old friend, Jerry Drake.

CHAPTER III.

HOW JERRY DRAKE'S ARRIVAL AFFECTS BILL AND HIS WIFE

Tom was rather nettled by the stranger's laugh.

"Maybe I've seen you before," he said, "but that must have been before you grew those wind-jammers."

"Meaning these?" said the man, touching his beard.

"Yes. What's your name?"

"My name, sonny, is Jerry Drake. Does it strike a responsive chord in your memory?" grinned the newcomer.

"No," replied Tom. "I know of no person by that name who ever called here, nor have I ever heard marm or dad mention it. Rather singular they didn't, if you're an old friend."

"I'll allow you're right, sonny, considering what I've done for Bill and Mrs. Bill," grinned Drake, as if he were more tickled than displeased at having been cast into the background. "But, bless you, wait till you see how glad they'll be to see me. I wouldn't be surprised if they killed the fatted calf."

"We don't own a calf, fat or thin."

"Don't you? Haw! haw! haw! What a pity! A fat chicken will do as well, or a duck—I'm not particular to a shade."

"Well, why don't you go in and see your friend Bill?"

"I'm a-going, sonny. As I'm going to stay here a while

to renew old times, I'll be obliged to you if you'll look after my grip. Handle it gently, for it's full of dynamite."

"Full of what?"

"Dynamite, figuratively speaking," chuckled Drake. "Take it up to a spare room with a sunny exposure. When I was here before I had a back room with the view of the cliffs. That will suit me first-rate."

"I'll do it if dad says so, but he's got to say so first."

"Bless your heart, sonny, he'll say so, all right. Follow me in with it and see how quick you'll get your orders."

With those words, Mr. Drake entered the public room.

Bill was leaning over the bar with his eyes fixed on the door.

He had recovered from the shock that the laugh had caused him and was ready to greet the visitor when he entered.

He hardly knew Jerry Drake when the man approached him.

Fifteen years work many changes in a man, without talking about a beard.

Time, however, had dealt fairly well with Drake.

It had made no change in his physique, and but for the beard Bill Jones would have recognized him anywhere.

It had not changed his laugh, nor the tone of his voice, and thus Bill knew he had turned up before he saw him.

"Bill," he said, "we meet again."

"So you've come back, Jerry, after fifteen years of silence," said Bill.

"Nothing surer, Bill. Aren't you glad?"

"Don't I look it?"

"Yes, Bill, you look dreadful glad. Just as glad as though you'd lost a million dollars," grinned Drake. "As I'm feeling kind of dry after my walk from Rockdale, suppose we liquor? It warms the cockles of my heart to see that old mug of yours again. You ain't changed a whole lot in fifteen years. You look a trifle stouter and more prosperous-looking, that's all."

"Where have you been?" growled Bill, as he placed the whisky-bottle and a couple of glasses on the bar.

"Where haven't I been, you'd better say. By the way, just tell that son of yours to carry my grip up to my old room. I'm going to stay a few days."

"A few days?" said Bill.

"Call it a week. Maybe it'll be longer. It all depends on how I feel about it. I said to myself, as I came along the road, that Bill wouldn't hear of me going on to the village while he had a room in the house that wasn't occupied," said Mr. Drake, filling out a liberal drink for himself and waiting for Bill to do likewise, which he did, with some deliberation. "Ain't that a fact, Bill, you old cormorant?"

"Of course, if you intend to stay I ain't got nothin' ag'in it."

"Of course you haven't. Here's looking at you, Bill. Many happy returns of the day," and Drake tossed the whisky off.

Bill drank slowly, as if it was a new kind of beverage he was sampling.

While he was doing it his eyes lighted on Tom, who was taking in the scene with a great deal of interest.

"What are you standin' there for?" he cried, angrily. "Take that grip to the spare room in the back over the kitchen, and—don't come back, d'y'e understand?"

Tom was rather taken aback by his foster-father's peremptory dismissal.

It was seldom that Bill spoke to him that way, and only when he wasn't feeling particularly good.

The boy said nothing, but he obeyed the order.

"Dad is out of sorts," he thought, as he disappeared through the back door into an entry where a flight of stairs led to the next floor.

He went up the stairs to the room over the kitchen, left the grip on a chair and then came down again.

As he had been ordered not to return to the public room, he didn't go there.

Instead, he opened a door and walked into the kitchen, where his mother was cooking supper.

Helping her was a pretty, winsome-looking girl of about fifteen years.

Her name was Jennie Day, and she and Tom were great friends.

"Where have you been, Tom?" she asked, with a smile.

"I've just been upstairs with a grip. An old friend of the family has arrived and is going to stay with us a few days, so you'd better lay an extra plate for him."

"What's that?" exclaimed Mrs. Bill, looking up. "What old friend do you mean?"

"He knew you and dad fifteen years ago. His name is Jerry Drake."

Mrs. Bill uttered an ejaculation and dropped the pan she had just taken off the fire.

Fortunately, it struck the floor flat and remained there, consequently the fried eggs were not spilled out.

Jenny picked the pan up and removed its contents to a dish.

"Did you say his name was Jerry Drake?" said Mrs. Bill, looking flurried.

"I did. Aren't you glad to hear he's turned up again after fifteen years?"

Tom said it banteringly, for his foster-mother looked anything but glad.

The boy was quite fond of Mrs. Bill, for she had been a good mother to him.

Although, like her husband, she was uneducated, and her language, in consequence, nothing to be proud of, Tom respected her as much as if she were his real mother.

She had her faults, but her foster-son was blind to them.

Although he recognized her mental inferiority to himself, he was ready to resent the least insult, or even insinuation, against her.

And she was proud of the boy, though he was not her own.

As she saw him expand in years and knowledge, she felt the gulf between them grow wider, though Tom had no such feeling, and there was a sorrowful yearning away down in her heart, which she never expressed, even to her husband—a feeling that grew with the passing years, for the thought that some day she would lose this splendid boy was ever present in her mind, like a canker sore that cannot be healed, and by its constant twinges reminds one of its presence.

"No, Tom, I'm not glad. I have hoped and prayed he never would come back, though he said he would if he had to walk on one foot," answered Mrs. Bill, dolefully.

"I don't believe dad is pleased to see him, either."

"No more than me."

"Who is he, anyway? Why does he come here if he isn't welcome? He told me you'd both feel so tickled at seeing him again that you'd kill the fatted calf."

"He said that?"

"Yes."

"And you were speakin' to him?"

"Yes. I met him outside. He walked here from Rockdale, with his grip. The stage must have passed him on the way. Seems queer he didn't ride when he might have done so as well as not, that is, unless he's flat broke."

"You don't remember him?" she asked, and there was anxiety in her tone.

"Remember him? Never saw him before to my recollection."

Mrs. Bill looked relieved.

"Who is he, anyway?" continued Tom.

"He's a man we knew many years ago," said Mrs. Bill, turning to the stove again.

"I know that. What does he want here?"

"I s'pose he's come for his trunk."

"Is he the man who owns that old trunk in the attic?"

"Yes."

"My! it's about time he came after it. It can't contain anything of great value or he'd have come after it before. It's heavy enough, though, gracious knows."

"How do you know?" said his foster-mother, turning quickly and looking at him.

"Oh, I tried to lift it, and I couldn't budge it an inch."

"You didn't try to open it, did you?"

"No. How could I? It's locked, and the lock is one of those old-fashioned affairs that I imagine are not easy to pick. Probably a locksmith could do it, though. Did that chap leave the key with you, or has he been carrying it around with him these fifteen years?"

"He took the key away with him."

"I wonder if dad has a duplicate key to it?"

"Why do you ask that?" said Mrs. Bill, looking startled.

"Because the trunk looks as if it was in use."

"In use?" gasped the woman.

"Yes."

"Impossible! Bill wouldn't touch that trunk for a farm, and I never go up there."

"On account of the ghost?" smiled the boy.

"Ghost! What do you mean?"

"Dad told me to-day that the trunk was haunted. He said he's gone up there of a night to get something he wanted, and he saw a tall, ghastly figure seated on the trunk, just as if he'd been the owner of it in life and was keeping watch over it now, as though it contained some secret he didn't want to get out."

"Bill told you that?"

"Yes, but I'm not so silly as to take any stock in such a yarn. There may be ghosts, but I've never seen one. Until

I do I shall always doubt their existence, in spite of the true ghost stories of the Psychological Research Society. Did Bill ever tell you the trunk was haunted?"

"No," replied Mrs. Bill, with some hesitation.

"Then it's quite certain he was jollying me, for if he'd seen anything of that kind he surely would have told you right away. If anything so unusual had occurred I'd have heard about it, too. Dad would have been scared out of his boots, and I guess you would have been also."

While they were talking, Jenny had been setting the table in the middle of the room, for they always ate in the kitchen.

When they had boarders in the summer, or an occasional traveler put up there of a night and had supper and breakfast, another room was called into requisition, which was considered the regular dining-room of the house.

Beyond that room, and facing on the road, was the sitting-room, or parlor.

This was seldom used by the Jones family themselves.

It was furnished in old-fashioned style, and was regularly swept and dusted, in connection with the dining-room, once a week by Jenny.

"Shall I put an extra plate on, Mrs. Jones?" asked the girl.

Mrs. Bill hesitated and looked nervous.

"I s'pose so," she said, slowly and nervously. "If Mr. Drake has taken possession of his old room he'll want to board with us. Go and tell your father supper is ready."

Tom entered the public room and found Bill and Jerry Drake seated at a table, talking together in low tones.

"Supper is ready, dad," he said, in a loud tone.

The two men rose and started for the kitchen, while Tom remained to look after the public room and any chance customer who might make his appearance.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE NIGHT.

It was Tom's regular duty to remain in the public room while his father was eating his meals, and no matter how hungry he might be he never grumbled over it.

He went behind the bar and took up the weekly Stormport Times, published that day, to read the news, but he couldn't interest himself in the paper, for his thoughts constantly recurred to Jerry Drake, the man who owned the mysterious old trunk in the attic, and whose unexpected arrival at the inn was clearly not welcome, though he was supposed to be an old friend of Bill's.

"I'd like to know something about this man," he thought, throwing down the newspaper and walking toward the door.

The sun had gone down some time since and dusk was falling over the landscape.

Tom heard the smart trot of a horse and looking in the direction of the sound saw a light wagon coming from the village.

"It's Will," he said.

He stepped out into the road and his friend reined in.

"I can't stop but a minute," said Will. "I'm awfully late in getting back."

"I've news for you."

"What is it?"

"The owner of that old trunk in our attic has turned up."

"Is that so? When did he come?"

"A little while ago on foot from Rockdale."

"What does he look like?"

"Tall, muscular and bearded, with the complexion of a sailor. His name is Jerry Drake."

"And he's an old friend of your father's?"

"I don't know how much of a friend he is, but dad and marm knew him fifteen years ago when they first came to this inn."

"They must be glad to see him again."

"He's taking supper with them now, and he's going to stay here a few days."

"And then I suppose he'll take his trunk away?"

"It's about time, don't you think?"

"I should say so. Where has he been during the fifteen years?"

"I couldn't tell you. Dad asked him that question."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Where haven't I been!' Meaning, I should infer, that he'd been more or less over the world."

"I guess he must have been, he's been away so long. Well, I must start on. I'll be late for supper."

"Good-by! Drop around to-morrow," said Tom, walking back to the porch.

In the course of twenty minutes, Bill and Jerry Drake returned to the public room.

They lighted their pipes and seated themselves on the veranda while Tom went in to his own supper.

He sat down with Jenny.

"Where's marm?" asked Tom.

"Gone upstairs."

"What do you think of the visitor?"

"He appears to make himself quite at home."

"How did marm greet him?"

"Not very cordially. She seemed afraid of him."

"I don't see what she could be afraid of. What did he say to her?"

"He shook hands with her, patted her on the back, and seemed awfully glad to see her. At any rate, he said he was."

"How did dad act toward him?"

"They appeared to be on good terms."

"Dad wasn't so friendly at first. I could see that. Well, it's nothing to me. Did he speak about his trunk?"

"What trunk?"

"That old one up in the attic."

"Does that belong to him?"

"So I understand."

"I didn't hear him say anything about a trunk."

Tom changed the topic and when he finished eating he attended to various chores that fell to him every night.

The usual crowd gathered in the public room and on the porch that evening.

Jerry Drake was a stranger to all of Bill's regular customers, but he soon made himself popular with them by ordering many rounds of drinks which he had chalked up against himself on the slate.

He was the center of an interested crowd until Bill announced it was time to close up for the night.

Then the bunch departed for their homes on the outskirts of the village, and silence and darkness presently reigned about the old inn.

Tom was in bed and asleep when Drake, lamp in hand, went to his room.

"Just like old times," he muttered, opening the door. "And the kid sleeps in the same room he occupied the night I brought him here. Fifteen years I've been away and that there trunk is still up in the attic. Bill says he never touched it. Maybe he didn't, but I shall find out by and by. I'm inclined to believe he tells the truth, for had he got his peepers on what's in it I don't think I should have found him running this house still. He would have taken the contents and dusted to parts unknown. I should have looked for him till I found him, and then Mr. Bill would have wished he had not touched the trunk. Well, I'm a lucky bird to find things as they were, when I stepped out that night for a stroll along the cliffs and, owing to circumstances over which I had no control, I failed to return. At the first chance I sent Bill a letter telling him to keep his eye on that trunk, for I'd be back for it if I came on one leg, and if any one tampered with it I'd feel sorry for them. Bill knew me, and he knew that a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse. What I feared was, when I couldn't get back, that Bill might die, in which case, unless Mrs. Bill could be depended on, the trunk would be as good as lost to me. I've lost fifteen years of my life, but I reckon there's enough left for me to have a good time out of seeing I've got the stuff to make things go."

Drake, in spite of the fact that he had walked some distance that day, and might reasonably be expected to feel tired, seemed in no hurry to make use of the bed.

He sat by the open window, smoking, while he ruminated.

The house was silent, for everybody had gone to bed, but outside the monotonous croak of the frogs could be heard.

How long Drake sat there he didn't know or care.

Finally he took off his boots and laid them carefully down. Then he opened his door and poked his head out in the corridor and listened.

It was at that particular moment that Tom, who occupied the room opposite, woke up.

It wasn't any noise that Drake made that aroused him, for the visitor was careful to make no noise.

It was a rare thing for Tom to wake up once he got asleep until morning dawned and the clock he had in his room struck the hour for getting up, which was seven in winter and six in summer.

He had no idea himself what had aroused him, but certain it is he started up as he would have done had somebody pounded on his door.

His first impression was that somebody had, and he listened for the repetition of the knock.

It didn't come; instead, however, he suddenly observed the flash of a light in the corridor outside.

His thoughts instinctively recurred to Jerry Drake.

"He's going to his room," was his first thought.

Just then his clock struck twelve.

He didn't believe that Bill would sit up with his visitor till that late hour.

The light vanished and he heard the creak of the boards in the corridor.

His curiosity was aroused.

Popping out of bed, he softly opened the door and looked out.

He was just in time to see the unmistakable form of Jerry Drake, with a lamp in his hand, vanish up the stairs leading to the attic.

"He's going to his trunk," breathed Tom.

The boy's intense curiosity to learn what was in the trunk impelled him to follow the man, which he did, after drawing on his trousers.

The attic stairs had creaked several times on Drake's heavy tread, and they also creaked, but not so loud, under Tom's weight.

He went up in the dark, for the visitor had closed the door of the attic as soon as he entered the unfinished and roomy space under the roof.

Tom peered through the keyhole, but the only thing he saw was the dim and wavering reflection from the lamp on some of the articles stored in the place.

The keyhole did not command a view of the trunk.

The only way Tom could gratify his curiosity was to open the door and poke his head in.

He was afraid to do that for he knew the door creaked on its hinges.

He heard sounds inside.

"He's opening the trunk now. What a pity I can't see what's going on inside! Why didn't I suspect he'd be sure to come up, then I might have fixed a hiding-place near the trunk and have had a good view without any trouble," thought the boy.

Then metallic sounds reached his ears.

"I wonder if he's got some kind of a machine in the trunk? Perhaps it's an invention of his. Or maybe—"

He heard Drake shut down the cover and turn the key.

He took that as a signal for him to beat a retreat, which he did.

He had barely got back to his room when he heard Drake coming downstairs.

The light came along the corridor, but the visitor himself made no noise in his stocking-feet.

The opposite door opened and closed softly, and the light vanished.

"No more for to-night," thought Tom, jumping into bed.

While thinking over what had just transpired he fell asleep and did not awaken till Jenny pounded on his door at quarter-past six in the morning.

CHAPTER V.

THE ESCAPED LUNATIC.

Tom was attending to his morning chores, such as feeding the poultry and other live-stock, raised for family consumption, when Jerry Drake came upon him.

"Hello, sonny, I see you're busy," said Drake.

"Yes, there's always something to do around the place."

"And when you aren't working around the inn you put in your time at school?"

"I should think you'd be tired of studying lessons. You must be eighteen."

"I'll graduate from the Rockdale High School in a couple of weeks, and I guess that'll end my schooling."

"Then what are you going to do?"

"I don't know. Dad hasn't said anything to me about the future."

"I suppose you'll stay here and help run the inn?"

"I'd rather do something else."

"What, for instance?"

"Mr. Brown, the county surveyor, has offered to teach me the business."

"What does Bill say about that?"

"I think it suits him. At any rate, marm is willing."

"Think you'd like to be a surveyor?"

"It's the best opening I know of."

"How came Bill to send you to the High School?"

"He said I was uncommon smart and ought to have a good education."

"That's pretty liberal in Bill, seeing as he doesn't know a whole lot himself."

"Yes, he's pretty good to me."

"I see I done you a good turn when I——"

Drake paused abruptly, and then remarked that the ducks looked uncommonly fine for the domesticated article.

"Yes, we've a fine lot of ducks; but what were you going to say about having done me a good turn? What did you mean?"

"Oh, nothing. I was thinking of what I said to Bill about you last night."

"What did you say to him about me?"

"Never mind, sonny. I don't care to mention it."

"Say, is that your trunk stowed away up in our attic?" said Tom, as a feeler.

"You mean the old trunk in the corner?"

"Yes. Dad told me it belonged to an old friend of his."

"He told you that, eh? I reckon it's mine all right."

"You're lucky to find it here after being away fifteen years."

"How so? Bill is an honest man. He wouldn't touch anything belonging to anybody else."

"That's all right; but suppose he had sold the inn, you couldn't expect him to cart that trunk around for your benefit, especially when he didn't know whether you'd ever turn up to claim it."

"Don't you worry about that. He knew I'd turn up some day if I was alive."

"How could he tell whether you were alive or not?"

"He wasn't taking any chances on my not being so."

"What do you mean by that? Is there anything very important in that trunk—important to you, I mean?"

"I ain't saying what's in it, sonny, but it was important enough for Bill to look out for it."

"Does he know what's in it?"

"Perhaps he does and perhaps he doesn't. At any rate, he's kept it."

"I suppose you'll take it away with you when you go?"

"I reckon I shall, sonny. Any more questions you want to ask?"

Tom took that as a sign that he'd better not ask any more, at least on the subject of the trunk, so he said he was through.

He was also through with feeding the live-stock, and they both walked toward the kitchen door, when Jenny appeared and rang the bell for breakfast.

Tom went into the public room so Bill could go to the table.

After Tom had had his own breakfast, Bill told him to mind the inn as he and Drake were going for a walk.

The two men departed in the direction of the cliffs.

They were hardly out of sight before the automobile which had stopped the preceding afternoon rolled up to the door and the same two men got out.

"I want to see Mr. William Jones," said the gentleman who had addressed Tom on the previous occasion.

"Sorry, but he's gone out for a walk with an old friend who arrived here yesterday," said the boy.

"When will he be back?"

"I couldn't tell you, sir, as he didn't say when they would be back."

"You are Mr. Jones' son, I think you said?"

"Yes, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"You don't look a bit like your father."

"That isn't my fault, sir."

"How long has your father kept this inn?"

"Fifteen years."

"And what did he do for a living before that?"

"He was a fisherman."

"And lived in Stormport?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where you were born, I suppose?"

"I suppose so," said Tom, wondering at the gentleman's questions.

"Your mother is around the house, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you ask her if she'll oblige us with an interview?"

"On what business?"

"That we will disclose to her."

"I will give her your message."

"Before you go you can hand us the whisky-bottle and a couple of glasses."

Tom put the bottle and the glasses on the bar and then, going to the back door, called to Jenny, who was in the passage.

"Tell marm that a couple of gentlemen would like to see her in the parlor," he said. "I'll show them in there."

Tom returned to the bar.

"This way, gentlemen," he said.

He ushered them into the parlor and left them there.

Then he went to the door and saw Will Carter coming toward the inn.

"Suppose we go fishing this morning?" said Will, when he came up. "I've brought my tackle. The tide will be in by the time we get over to the cove, and we ought to make a haul."

"I'm afraid I can't go," replied Tom.

"Why not?"

"Dad and our visitor went for a walk and I was left in charge of the place."

"You don't do a whole lot of business in the morning. Can't you get Jenny to take your place?"

"Orders are orders, Will. I'll have to stay till dad comes back."

Will looked disappointed.

He glanced into the public room.

"Who came here in the auto?" he said, seeing that the room was empty.

"A couple of gentlemen. They're talking with marm in the parlor."

"Looks like the car I saw in the village yesterday afternoon."

"I guess it's the same. The gentlemen were here yesterday afternoon and then went on to Stormport."

"I heard they were making inquiries about the village for a suitable site to put up a summer hotel."

"They ought to have done that last fall, then they might have had the hotel built for this season. It's too late now to do anything more than build if they should decide on this neighborhood. I think a hotel would pay here," said Tom.

"My father said this would make an ideal place for a couple of hotels—on the sweep of the shore to the south of the village."

"Think they'll get better accommodations and better meals, eh?"

"That's my opinion. It's a wonder a hotel or two has not been built in Stormport before this. Arrangements could be made with the Boston & Rockport Navigation Company to run a boat on here during the season. With a first-class hotel here I guess it would pay the company, for the village would take a boom on during the season and I'll bet it wouldn't be long before Stormport would become a regular watering-place."

At that point in their conversation the two gentlemen came out of the parlor.

They walked outside, got into their auto, turned it around and whirled off in the direction of Stormport.

Down the road from Rockdale came another car, with two men, and a chauffeur in it, at full speed.

The boys wondered who the newcomers were.

The chauffeur shut off the power as the car drew near the inn.

"Some more people for drinks," said Will. "I wonder why men can't pass a roadhouse without stopping to lubricate their throats?"

"It's a habit, I guess," said Tom. "If it wasn't for the profit dad makes off his liquor I guess he'd have shut up shop long ago. We hardly ever have a lodger over night now. People prefer to go on to the Stormport Hotel in the village if they intend to lay over in this neighborhood."

"Think they'll get better accommodations, eh?"

"I suppose so, but they won't. Marm can set a spread that's every bit as good as the hotel furnishes, and our front rooms are as good as anything they've got in the village. Our price is a dollar cheaper. The trouble is, we're too near the village to get any transient business. All the boarders we have drift here in the summer."

"You were full up last season."

"And we'll be full this season, judging from the applications we've had from people who've been here before and appreciate a good thing."

Here the auto turned in and stopped.

"Say, young fellows, come here, I want to see you," said one of the men in the rear seat.

The boys came forward.

"You belong around here, I judge?" said the man.

"I live at this house. My dad keeps it," said Tom. "My friend lives on a farm up the road."

"Have you seen a man in a gray suit, with a smooth face and a cropped head, around here this morning?" asked the man.

"No, I haven't seen such a person," replied Tom.

"If you should see such a man, notify the Stormport constables. He escaped from Dr. Noel's Private Sanitarium at Rockdale, some time during the night. He's as crazy as a bug."

"Is he?"

"Yes. He's our oldest patient. Been in the house fifteen years. Lately he has been accorded some privileges and has taken advantage of them to make his escape. As he's a dangerous man to be at large, we are doing our best to catch him before he makes serious trouble for us. Perhaps your father has seen him. Will you ask him to step out here?"

"He's not here now. Went out with a friend, over to the cliffs."

"Well, tell him about the man when he comes back."

"You say he's a dangerous lunatic?" said Tom.

"Yes, but he doesn't look it. Crazy men are always sly. He acts quite rationally sometimes, and that's how he pulled the wool over our eyes, though we're not easy to fool."

"What's the real trouble with him?"

"Oh, he's got a hallucination that he is a Belfast lumber merchant, the possessor of a large property, which he claims that a relative has done him out of, and then put him in the sanitarium to keep him out of the way."

"I've read of such things being done," said Tom.

"In novels, perhaps," said the man, sharply. "It isn't done in real life, or if it has been, not nowadays. The laws are too strict. If such a thing came to light it would be regarded as a conspiracy with intent to defraud, and everybody connected with the case would find themselves in trouble. Dr. Noel could not afford to take such a risk himself, if he was inclined to do anything underhanded for a considerable price. The fact that he has been in the business twenty years, at Rockdale and near Portland, is proof enough that everything connected with his establishment is square and above-board. It is against the law for him to accept a patient that is not properly certified to be out of his mind."

"Are all the doctor's patients crazy?"

"More or less. The doctor does not take cases that properly belong in a public asylum, except where he believes he can effect a cure, and those interested in the patient are willing to pay a good price for his or her care and treatment. The man who is now at large was an exception to our rule. When he was first brought to the sanitarium, when it was located near Portland, it was thought that his case would not prove a difficult one to cure. Softening of the brain, however, developed, and the doctor finally recommended that he be sent to the State asylum for the insane. His relatives induced us to keep him, for they felt that he would be better treated under the doctor's care, and he has been with us ever since."

"You say he is dangerous?"

"At certain times he is, and you never can tell when he will break out that way. He might walk into your inn and act as sane as any man, and you'd never suspect there was anything the matter with him. Before he left he might suddenly develop a tendency to smash things up generally, or he might pick up something and attack one of you. He always gets excited when he talks about his alleged past, and that mania is constantly coming to the front."

"What name does he call himself by?"

"Edward Randall."

"Which isn't his true name?"

"Of course not. His right name is Dexter. Well, we must go on to the village to see if he has been seen there."

"He might have gone in the other direction," said Tom.

"We have several parties scouring the county in different directions after him."

The sanitarium attache wished them good-by and the auto went on its way.

CHAPTER VI.

JERRY DRAKE HEARS UNPLEASANT NEWS.

"There is likely to be some excitement in these parts over that crazy man if he isn't caught pretty soon," said Tom, looking after the auto.

"I should say so, but he is bound to be captured soon, for everybody, including the police, will be on the lookout for him," said Will.

"There are a hundred places along the cliffs where he could hide and never be found," said Tom.

"He couldn't hide indefinitely. Hunger would compel him to seek for food and then he'd be nabbed."

"He could live on shellfish and roots."

"He might do that for a while, but if he's been accustomed to good food, as I suppose he has at the sanitarium, he'd go around looking for a change of diet."

"If we'd gone fishing we might have encountered him, and not knowing a lunatic was at large we might have got in trouble with him."

"That's true, but the chances that we would have met him are small, I guess."

"Dad and Jerry Drake went over to the cliffs. It is possible they might run across him, and they wouldn't know he was crazy."

"If he behaved himself, as the sanitarium man says he does a part of the time, they'd take him for an early summer visitor, probably."

While they were talking Bill Jones and Drake returned.

From their actions Tom judged that they had got on very good terms, after all.

"Well, sonny, I was speaking to Bill about you taking up with that surveyor, and I've fixed it all right for you," said Drake, with a cheerful grin.

"I'm much obliged to you for the interest you have taken in me, but I didn't expect dad would make any kick about it," said Tom, who felt that he had to acknowledge Drake's friendly intercession, though he did not believe he needed it.

Tom then followed his foster-father inside.

"Say, dad, I suppose you didn't meet any stranger over at the cliffs?" he said.

"No. Why do you ask that?" said Bill, looking hard at him.

"An automobile stopped here a little while ago with a couple of men from Dr. Noel's Sanitarium at Rockdale. One of them told me that they were looking for one of their crazy patients who had escaped during the night. He said the man was dangerous, and that if we saw him we must notify the Stormport constables right away. He is dressed in a gray suit, has a smooth face and his hair is cropped short."

"Humph!" ejaculated Bill. "The man is in this neighborhood, is he?"

"The sanitarium man isn't sure of that. He might have gone north, or into the interior. There are several parties out looking for him."

"I guess we won't see him. Is there a reward for his capture?"

"The man didn't say. I suppose the doctor would be willing to pay something to any one who caught the patient."

"If I caught him I would want to be paid. I'd have to lock him up and keep watch on him, and that's worth something."

"Sure, you'd be entitled to a reasonable compensation."

"What long words you get off, son. What a difference education makes in a chap's talk. I never used that there word compensation in my life. I know what it means, but I'd say pay. It's shorter and more to the p'int. Ever since I sent you to school I've learned a whole lot myself, hearin' you talk. I hope you 'preciate—that's one of your words—what I've done for you."

"I'll never forget it, dad, although you aren't my real father. I haven't any fault to find with the way you and marm have brought me up—except one thing."

"What's that?"

"You never would tell me who my real parents were. I suppose they're dead, but it would be a satisfaction for me to know."

"I've told you, son, that I don't know nothin' about them, and that's the truth."

"I believe you, dad, for I don't see no special reason why you shouldn't tell me if you knew, but still you won't tell me how I came to you. Sometimes I have strange, indistinct recollections of being taken away from my home by a man and carried off to some house at a distance, and then the next thing I recall is being with you and marm, but it's all so hazy that I can't make anything out of it. I was very small at the time."

Bill looked strangely at the lad as he spoke, and there was an uneasy expression on his face.

His general conduct toward the bright boy showed that; like his wife, he thought a lot of him.

Perhaps his conscience twinged him for keeping the lad in the dark about such things he he did know.

That he was really ignorant concerning Tom's parentage was a fact.

All his prosperity was due to the lad coming under his control.

He was under an agreement to keep the fact a secret, and he had readily sworn to do so fifteen years since, when he found how profitable the bargain would be to him.

He did not bind himself, nor was he asked to educate Tom, or treat him with special favor.

All that had gradually come about, partly through Mrs. Bill, who, not having any children, took to the boy at once, and partly through the unconscious influence Tom acquired in the family.

Bill still looked on Tom as a mere boy, a boy he was proud of on account of his natural smartness, sharpened and improved by a good education.

The innkeeper took the credit to himself.

He believed he had made the boy what he was by his liberality.

It kind of eased his conscience about the past.

"Some day the truth may come out. Who knows? Then Tom can't say I didn't do the best I could for him," Bill argued to himself, and sometimes to his wife. "He's a born gent, that's certain. I might have sp'iled him—kept him down like the rest of the kids, but I didn't do it. He's gettin' a fine education at my expense, but, then, he brought me the money, in a way, and is entitled to it. When he grows up he'll 'preciate what I've done, and if he ever learns who his family was, and why he was stolen, for, of course, he was stolen, though I never was told so, he won't make no trouble for me. There's nothin' like protectin' yourself in this world, for you never can tell when you'll stand in need of it."

While Tom was speaking to his foster-father in the public room, Will and Jerry remained on the porch.

Will was telling Drake about the men in the automobile who were looking for the escaped lunatic.

"Where did he escape from?" asked Drake.

"Dr. Noel's Sanitarium in Rockdale."

Drake stared at him.

"In Rockdale!" he ejaculated.

"Yes. Everybody knows about the doctor's place. It's about a mile outside of the town. It's been there about ten years, I guess. The doctor used to have his sanitarium near Portland."

Drake took his pipe from his mouth and emitted a cloud of smoke.

"So Dr. Noel has been in Rockdale for ten years?" he said.

"Yes."

"And one of his patients has escaped—when?"

"Some time last night, the man said."

"Did he say what patient it was?" asked Drake, with anxious interest.

"He said it was the oldest one in the place—a man who's been under the doctor's charge for about fifteen years and appears to be incurable."

Drake's jaw dropped a little.

"Did he say what his name was?"

"Dexter."

"Oh!" said Drake, drawing a deep breath, as if relieved. "Dexter, eh?"

"Yes. That is his real name, but he claims to be somebody else."

"Somebody else?"

"That's what the man said. He thinks his name is Edward Randall."

Drake gave a start and the pipe dropped from his mouth. He collected himself, stooped and picked it up.

"So the patient who calls himself Edward Randall has escaped from Dr. Noel's Sanitarium?" he said, nervously refilling his pipe.

"Yes," replied Will, who did not see anything singular in Drake's actions.

"And they think he's hiding around here?"

"The man is not sure about that. He might have gone in the other direction—any direction, in fact, except out on the ocean."

"I see. They're hunting for him all over?"

"They have several parties out looking for him. They're pretty sure to catch him."

Drake struck a match, but his fingers shook as he applied the light to the tobacco.

"So you think they'll catch him?" he said, tossing the match away.

"I think it's a sure bet they will. At any rate, I hope he didn't come this way, for the sanitarium man said he was dangerous—not all the time, but he was liable to break out any minute."

"Dangerous, eh? Yes, he's dangerous, all right. I'd hate to—"

Drake paused abruptly and stared out across the fields. At that juncture Tom joined them.

"If you want to go fishing now, Will, I'm with you," he said.

"I'm ready," said Will. "We've lost an hour or more of the tide, but I guess we'll catch something."

"Come along, then. We'll go up to my room and I'll get my tackle. We'll get the bait in the truck patch."

"Good-by, Mr. Drake," said Will, but the visitor did not answer.

He was thinking hard and did not hear Will.

The boys walked through the public room and went up the back stairs.

"So, Edward Randall has escaped from Noel's Sanitarium," muttered Drake, "after having been pent up fifteen years. If he should reach Belfast and get his story in the papers there's going to be trouble for somebody I know. And to think this should happen just as I got back here. Well, I don't know that it'll be my funeral. I ought to be safe enough. It ain't likely the interested parties are going to try to trace me after fifteen years. Where would they start in? I lit out with the boy, according to arrangements, and I didn't say where I was going. Had I known I was going to find that trunk when I got here I shouldn't have turned kidnapper for no amount of money. I wonder if it wasn't retributive justice that raised the draught of wealth to my lips only to dash it away as I was about to taste it, for the blamed trunk hasn't done me a bit of good during all this time. However, I'll take care to enjoy life after this. If there's anything left when I'm through I'll leave it to the boy."

He smoked away for a moment or two.

"To think that Bill should take such a fancy to the kid—him and his wife—and bring him up almost like a young gent. I wonder what Bill would say if he knew he was a young gent. Maybe he suspects that's what he is, for there's nothing ordinary about the young chap. He's getting to be the picture of his father—his real father—and is bound to be a fine-looking man, but the chances are he'll always be Tom Jones."

He smoked on again.

"Yes, I'm safe enough. No one who knew me fifteen years ago would recognize me now with this beard," he breathed. "And yet I shouldn't care to meet Edward Randall face to face. If he recognized me it would be his life or mine. I know it. I'd be sorry to have to raise my hand against him—I reckon I could crush him completely—for I've done enough to him as it is; but self-preservation is the first law of nature, and I'm not going to lose that trunk a second time, if I can help it, and spend the balance of my life behind the bars. No, no, not by the eternal—"

Drake raised his arm and was bringing it down with a fierce swipe when it was seized by Bill Jones, with a laugh.

"What's troubling you, Jerry?" said Bill.

"Nothing," replied Drake. "Nothing at all. Come in and have a drink."

As the two men passed inside, the two boys passed outside through the kitchen door, bound for the cliffs.

CHAPTER VII.

EDWARD RANDALL.

Stormport Inn was a mile from the village, and the road gradually ascended for that distance, but it was only half a mile or less from the edge of the cliffs.

Nevertheless, as the ground in that direction rose by degrees to the bald top of the cliffs, and the view was obstructed by a scattering line of wood pines and cedars, the ocean could not be seen even from the top of the house.

The country roundabout resembled a shallow valley, and was perhaps sixty feet above the level of the sea, while the tops of the cliffs might have been twice that.

The two boys followed a beaten path across the grassy slope.

This did not lead to the top of the cliffs, but into a kind of gully connected with a rocky crevasse that afforded rough access to the shore.

Tom and Will had gone this route scores of times.

When they got three-quarters of the way down to the beach they turned off to their right and clambered in and out among the rocks till they opened up a deep pool that rose and fell with the tide through a narrow slit a yard or two in width.

When the tide came in certain fish came in with it, for the pool was a kind of feeding-ground for them, and when the tide receded they went out with it.

Crabs were also carried in there, and they did not always get out with the ebb.

This was Tom and Will's regular fishing spot, and many boys from the village came there, too, for the same purpose.

The boys also bathed in the pool, those who could swim at any tide, and the less accomplished ones when the water was low.

The pool was deserted when Tom and Will arrived there, and the tide was beginning to ebb.

They got their tackle out of their pockets and were soon busy at the game.

The shadow of the rocks was always on the pool, even at midday, for a great boulder overhung it, very much like a projecting roof.

The fish always bit greedier at the baited hooks here than anywhere else along the shore.

Therefore, the two boys soon began pulling in handsome specimens of the finny tribe, weighing from half a pound to two pounds.

"We'll soon have a mess each for our dinners," said Tom, as he unhooked his fifth catch. "They're biting first-rate to-day."

"By the time I get home dinner will be cooked and probably eaten, and I'll find mine in the oven waiting for me," said Will.

"Then the fish will come in for supper and for breakfast to-morrow morning."

"It's a wonder none of the fellows from the village are here this morning. Ike Barclay, for one, is usually here fishing on Saturday when the tide serves. He'd sooner fish than play ball," said Will.

A stone rattled down the rocks and Tom looked up.

As he did so he caught a fleeting glimpse of a vanishing human face.

"Did you see that?" he said.

"See what?" asked Will.

"That face."

"What do you mean?"

"You heard the rattle of a stone, didn't you?"

"Yes. What about it?"

"I looked up and saw a face looking down at us, but it disappeared right away."

"I'll bet it was one of the village boys trying to have a lark with us."

"It looked like a man's face."

Will looked up, but saw nothing.

"Where was the face?" he asked.

Tom pointed at the spot where he had seen it.

"I guess it was some boy, and he's hiding. He'll drop another stone presently."

They went on fishing, but no more stones rattled down.

Tom looked up once or twice, but nobody showed himself.

"It couldn't have been one of the boys. He wouldn't remain quiet so long," he said.

"Then it might have been a man on his way to the shore."

"This isn't the way to the shore. It's out of the way."

"Well, a man might have come here to see if there was any one at the pool."

"This person was lying on the rocks, looking over, and he yanked his head back as if he didn't want to be seen."

"What's the use of bothering about him? See! Look at that whopper! He must weigh three pounds," said Will, gleefully, as he pulled in a silver beauty.

"You've got a square meal right there. It isn't often such a big fellow is caught in the pool. Look out or you'll lose him. He's kicking about like a steer."

Will held the flapping fish down on the rock till it had exhausted itself, and then he took the hook out of its gills.

It was a corking fine fish and he was quite tickled over his luck.

The tide was making out fast and the fish ceased to bite.

"No use staying any longer," said Tom. "Wind in your line and we'll go."

In a few minutes they were climbing up the rocks.

On reaching the top they suddenly came face to face with a stranger.

The boys recognized him at once as the escaped lunatic, for he fully answered the description given by the sanitarium man.

That they were startled and perhaps a bit dismayed goes without saying.

They stopped short and gazed at him.

"You belong in the village, do you not, my lads?" asked the man, in a perfectly rational way.

"No," replied Tom. "I live at the Stormport Inn on the road yonder, and my friend here lives up the road on a farm."

"What time did you come here?"

"About an hour ago."

"Did you hear anything about a patient that escaped from the sanitarium in Rockdale during the early hours of the morning?"

The boys looked hard at the stranger, but there was nothing in his tone or manner to indicate that he wasn't perfectly sane.

But they remembered that the sanitarium man had said that the escaped patient often appeared to be perfectly rational.

Certainly he was at that moment.

The man's question was a direct one and Tom felt he must answer it, but he hesitated as to what he should say.

If he told the lunatic that two men in an auto had stopped at the inn and make inquiries about him it would put him on his guard, and the boy believed it was his duty to assist in catching the man, and to help him stand his pursuers off.

On the other hand it was not his nature to lie.

"You don't answer me," said the stranger, giving him a keen look. "Are you afraid to tell me? Is it a fact that you suspect I am that patient—a man supposed to be out of his mind, and therefore dangerous to be at large?"

Tom made no reply while Will looked nervous.

"I see it is the truth," said the man. "One or more of the attaches of the sanitarium have been down this way looking for me, for I will admit to you I am the man they are in search of. In heaven's name, boys, I ask you if I look like a demented person?"

"Not at this moment you don't," replied Tom. "If I didn't know by your description that you are the escaped patient I wouldn't take you for such a person."

"Ah! You have heard a description of me? The men who are after me are in this vicinity. Is it not so?"

"Yes," Tom admitted, desperately.

The man made a gesture of despair.

"It is hard—it is cruel—that I should be run down like a wild beast and dragged back to the prison where I, a man as sane as yourselves, have been confined for fifteen years. Boys, is there any use of my appealing to your sympathy and love of justice?"

"What do you want of us?" asked Tom.

"I want you to give me a chance. If you spread the news when you get back that you have seen me along these cliffs my persecutors will at once come here with others, and I will be caught. This is the first breath of freedom I've tasted in fifteen long, weary years. Think of that. Think of the feelings of a man who has been in prison that long, for the sanitarium has been to all intents and purposes a prison to me, and is condemned to pass the rest of his life there if he cannot find the chance to expose the dastardly plot that has worked his ruin."

"You are the victim of a plot, then?"

"I am the unfortunate victim of a rascally scheme hatched by a relative named Lawrence Graham to get possession of my fortune. My name is Edward Randall."

That settled it with Tom.

The escaped lunatic had drifted into his mania.

Presently he might become violent, even dangerous.

He might try to throw them off the rocks, and though Tom believed he and Will could handle the man, still a lunatic is more dangerous than a sane person.

The boy decided that the only way to avoid possible trouble was to humor the patient.

"Yes?" he said.

"I was born and brought up in Belfast, where I lived until this terrible misfortune came upon me like a bolt from a clear sky," continued the stranger.

"Then, of course, you are well known in Belfast," said Tom.

"I was well known there, but, alas, I am, of course, accounted dead, and so have passed from the memory of the people with whom I once associated. My father was a prosperous lumber merchant. His name was Edward, too, and I succeeded to his business when he died. I married and then misfortune first came upon me. My wife died in giving birth to a son. It was necessary that the infant should have proper care and I secured a nurse, recommended to me by Lawrence Graham. All apparently went well for three years, but the conspirators were at work plotting my undoing. I saw that when it was too late, but I was blind to their duplicity before the plot culminated. The first blow was the kidnapping of my boy."

"Kidnapping of your boy!" exclaimed Tom, who, with Will, had grown interested in spite of himself in the sanitarium patient's narrative.

"Yes, he was stolen by a scoundrel employed in my lumber yard. One of my foremen, named Jeremiah Drake."

"Who?" gasped Tom, as much staggered as though somebody had struck him.

"Jeremiah Drake. He was in with Lawrence Graham, and the stealing of my boy was a part of the prearranged plot to wipe me and my boy out of Belfast so that Graham could take undisputed possession of my profitable business, my money in bank, and the other property left to me by my father."

"Jeremiah Drake! Great Scott!" breathed Tom. "Can there be truth in this man's story?"

He looked at Will, and Will looked at him.

The same thought was running through the brain of each—was this man really crazy or was he the victim of the plot he spoke about?"

"The police were put on Drake's trail, but I never learned the result of their efforts," went on the man who claimed to be Edward Randall. "If my boy was recovered and Drake punished he must have come under the guardianship of Lawrence Graham, and that meant his hope of ever coming into his rights was a futile one, for the villain would see that he didn't. A week after my boy disappeared I was visited by a brain specialist who examined me. Graham and my boy's nurse asserted that the loss of the boy had turned my brain. I resented the insinuation; though, it is true, I was well-nigh crazy over my second bereavement. Still I hoped and prayed that the police would find my son. Another week passed and a second doctor visited and examined me. I was intensely angry, and I fear I treated him with very little consideration. I made a mistake, for, unwittingly, I played into the hands of my enemy. The result of the second examination was a commitment by a judge to Dr. Noel's private sanitarium, which was then situated near Portland."

The stranger paused, with a look of anguish on his face.

"From the day I was taken forcibly from my home in a closed carriage and carried to the sanitarium, I have never drawn a free breath till this morning at two o'clock, and that was fifteen years ago."

Tom and Will were now assured that the escaped patient was not only perfectly sane but was the victim of the plot he had described.

"And now, boys, you know my sad story. I have confided it to you on the chance that it may convince you I am not insane, as you have been told, but rather a man who has suffered as few men are called on to suffer. I implore your sympathy and your aid. If I can make my way to Belfast, I think I can convince my old friends that I have been foully dealt with, and with their help I expect to secure justice and punish my rascally relative, if he be still alive, as I feel he is, otherwise Dr. Noel would hardly find it to his interest to keep me under his care, but would have sought some way to compromise matters with me. Can I depend on your help?"

"Yes, you can," replied Tom, in a straightforward way.

"Bless you, my lad, bless you!" cried the man, seizing him by his disengaged hand. "There is something in your face that invites my confidence. You are just the age my boy is if he be alive. And you have his eyes, too—the eyes of an honest, upright and brave lad. The more I scan your face the more I see in it a resemblance to myself when I was a light-hearted, care-free boy of eighteen. How long ago that now seems to me, and how little I then dreamed of what the future held in store for me."

"Well, what can we do for you?" said Tom.

"Can you bring me some food? I have tasted nothing since last evening, when I had but a light supper. Dinner is served at noon at the sanitarium."

"I can and will."

"You must be careful not to arouse suspicion in doing so."

"Leave that to me, Mr. Randall."

"And your friend will be silent about me?"

"He's my chum. I'll answer for him."

"When you bring the food I will let you know if you can be of further service to me. By the way, what is your name?"

"Tom Jones. My father is proprietor of the Stormport Inn on the road."

"Go now. When may I expect you to return?"

"In about an hour."

"I will look for you about that time."

He shook hands with the boys and they left him standing on the rocks.

CHAPTER VIII.

TOM AND WILL HELP THE FUGITIVE.

"What do you think about the crazy man now?" said Tom, as he and Will worked their way through the crevasse to the higher ground beyond.

"I think he's no more crazy than we are," said Will, promptly.

"If you think that, and I agree with you, you believe he is the victim of a rascally plot?"

"I do."

"In which my dad's old friend, Jerry Drake, unless there are two men with the same name, is implicated."

"It would seem so. He was in this part of the country fifteen years ago, which is about the time Mr. Randall says his son was kidnapped, and he was put where he was, dead to the world, himself."

"Exactly; but if Drake was up to that time a foreman in a Belfast lumber yard it is not quite clear to me how he and my dad became acquainted."

"I wonder what became of Mr. Randall's little boy? Did the police recover him and fail to catch Drake, or did Drake lose him somewhere?"

"That is a problem that Mr. Randall will have to solve himself. His only hope of securing justice he feels is to get back to Belfast and interest his old friends in his case. I'm going to help him get there. If it should turn out that his story is false, and only the result of a diseased brain, he can be recaptured there. To me it has the ring of truth, and so I'm going to see that he has a square deal."

"I'm with you in that. If I can be of any service in the matter, let me know."

"I'll call on you, old man, if I need you."

"How are you going to get food to the gentleman without your mother's knowledge?"

"I'll arrange that with Jenny."

"But your father might want you to look after the inn after dinner. He generally makes use of a part of your time on Saturday."

"I'll get out of it somehow."

"I'll be back as soon as I have my dinner. If you're not at the Inn I'll look for you on the rocks near the pool."

"Do so. I probably will be there."

"If Mr. Randall has told the truth there'll be trouble in store for Dr. Noel and probably Jerry Drake."

"No doubt they deserve all that's coming to them."

"I recall now that Drake seemed quite interested when I told him that a patient had escaped from the doctor's sanitarium. He asked me what his name was and I told him."

"What effect did it have on him?"

"I didn't notice that he was much disturbed."

"He didn't utter any ejaculation and looked scared, then?"

"No. I should say he took the information coolly enough."

"Then he may not be the Jeremiah Drake who was implicated in the kidnapping."

"I don't know. It doesn't strike me there can be two Jerry Drakes."

"Well, I'm going to talk to him about lumber and see if he commits himself."

"You'd better be careful, for you might tread on delicate ground."

"I'll do it in an off-hand way. He'll never suspect what my object is."

They separated at the back of the inn, Tom entering the kitchen where he found dinner well under way, while Will hurried home.

Fifteen minutes later Bill and Drake were called to dinner, and Tom remained on the porch till his foster-father had finished his meal.

He had nothing to do as there was nobody to be waited on, so he sat and thought over the sad story of Edward Randall.

By and by Bill and Jerry Drake resumed their seats on the porch and Tom went in to his dinner.

He had noticed since morning that the two men had grown quite chummy.

Whatever feeling Bill had felt against Drake seemed to have disappeared.

Tom noticed that his foster mother was unusually quiet.

He laid the fact to Drake's presence in the house.

When she went out to the well he told Jenny to make up a substantial lunch, with a jug of milk, without letting Mrs. Bill know about it, as he wanted to take it to a hungry man who had no money to pay for a meal.

Jenny, who was ready to do anything Tom asked of her, promised to attend to the matter as soon as Mrs. Bill left the kitchen.

There was some delay, however, in the matter, and Will turned up before Tom was ready to start for the cliffs.

They finally started together.

Two hours had elapsed since they left Edward Randall on the rocks, and that unfortunate man was eagerly looking for their coming, and somewhat fearful that he would be disappointed in them.

He was not in sight when they reached the appointed place of meeting, though he saw them coming.

He had his eyes on the alert lest unwelcome persons might be following in their rear.

He did not mean to be caught if he could help himself, and so he tried to guard himself against a surprise.

When he was satisfied the boys were alone he showed himself.

"Sorry to have delayed so long, but I couldn't help it," said Tom. "Here is a meal for you."

Edward Randall seized the package eagerly.

"What's in the jug?" he asked. "Water?"

"No. Milk."

The fugitive took a drink first and then, opening the package, began to devour the food like a man half starved.

"What are your plans for reaching Belfast?" asked Tom. "You had better not show yourself till well along in the evening, and be sure to give Stormport and other places along the route a wide berth. Seek food only at farmhouses off the road, and do it with caution, for the hue and cry is out about you, and the men in the auto are spreading your description everywhere along the road."

"I am not surprised that extraordinary efforts are being made to catch me," said Edward Randall. "Dr. Noel is fearful of trouble in case I get a hearing of my cause. I have figured that the risk of reaching Belfast by road is too great for me to meet with success, therefore my purpose is to go there by boat if I can manage it in any way."

"You have no money, I suppose?"

"Not a cent."

"That's bad. I've got about ten dollars in my trunk. I'll fetch it to you just before dark."

"That's generous of you and I appreciate your offer. Were I not in desperate need I should not accept your money. Rest assured, if I come into my own, you shall be repaid a hundred-fold."

"That's all right. I don't mind if I never see the money again. I'll feel that I expended it in a good cause."

"You have already won my gratitude by what you have done for me. This food alone has been a godsend to me. Without it I know not what I should have done."

At that moment Will, who had been looking around, called their attention to three men who were coming along the beach about a quarter of a mile away.

They came on slowly and seemed to be watching the rocks.

"They are after me, no doubt," said the fugitive. "I will have to hide. You boys had better retire and keep out of their way."

Tom and Will saw the wisdom of that and moved off.

When they looked back Edward Randall was nowhere to be seen.

"He'll never be able to get away in a boat. Where would he get a boat?" said Will.

"He couldn't get one unless he borrowed it without the owner's permission. A man in his position is justified in doing anything to aid his escape from his enemies. I was thinking of borrowing old Riley's sailboat, fetching it around here and then trying to square myself with the fisherman somehow," said Tom.

"Your father would have to pay for the boat in case it was not sent back, and that would make trouble for you."

"I guess I could stand it. I want to see this man make his escape. I am satisfied he has been the victim of his designing relative, and I believe in justice."

"If he is really in the right, why couldn't he appeal to the authorities of the village?"

"He could, but what good would it do him? Dr. Noel would bring a dozen of his people to swear he is insane. He could point to the fact of the patient having been fifteen years in his charge as self-evident of his condition."

"But the gentleman could swear it is all the result of a conspiracy."

"How is he going to prove that it is? The Noel crowd would swear that the conspiracy idea is his mania. They would show that while the sanitarium is a private institution its

peculiar character brings it under the authority of the State. I have heard that there is a regular lunacy commission which visits public and private institutions having insane patients, twice a year, and examines each patient, and to receive the reports of the person in charge."

"If that's so, how is it that this gentleman was never able to explain his position?"

"I couldn't tell you. I guess Dr. Noel has methods to meet the emergency. I've read that sometimes sane patients are put in a strait-jacket at such times, and while the investigators are making their rounds the soles of the victims are tickled with a feather until they are driven temporarily into convulsions, in which condition they are exhibited as violent patients."

"Such a thing as that is an outrage."

"Sure it is, but it isn't the only outrage that takes place in this country of ours. It's hard for the fellow who is down to buck against the chap who is up, if the latter has particular reasons for keeping his man down."

The boys were now in the crevasse, and were undecided whether to hang around or go back to the inn.

While they were figuring on the question, the chief constable of Stormport and two deputies appeared.

"Hello, Tom Jones!" said Constable Smith. "Have you been down on the beach?"

"No, we haven't been as far as that."

"Seen any one around the rocks?"

"We just saw three men on the shore."

"Three men?"

"Yes."

"I suppose you heard about the escaped lunatic?"

"Oh, yes! Do you think he's down in this neighborhood?"

"He might be. There are lots of places where he could hide along the cliffs."

"As the cliffs run a long distance you'll have a nice job looking for him if that's your mission. He might have gone in a dozen different directions."

"He has been traced down this way."

"Is that so? The man who called at the inn and told us about the patient did not have any certain idea that he had come this way."

"I know. I had an interview with him; but a short time ago another messenger from the sanitarium called on me and said that the fugitive was seen making for the cliffs hereabouts, and as there is a reward of \$250 for his capture we're over here to make it. The chap is bound to show himself, for he can't live on air."

At that point the three men who had been on the shore came up the crevasse.

The constable and his party went forward to meet them, and Tom and Will concluded to return to the inn.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CAPTURE AND ESCAPE.

"I'm afraid, with six men after him around here, that the gentleman is almost certain to be captured," said Will.

"I'll admit that the chances are against him, but I hope he'll elude them," replied Tom.

When they reached the inn they found an auto there and a man from the sanitarium drinking at the bar and talking to Bill and Jerry Drake about the escaped patient.

He was the man who had started the constable and his party on the hunt, spurred on with an offer of \$250 for the fugitive's capture.

The boys hung around, listening, and learned considerable about the history of the alleged lunatic.

The man spoke about his mania.

"He's been going on that way ever since he came to us, fifteen years ago, when the sanitarium was on the outskirts of Portland," he said.

"He thinks he's a rich Belfast lumber man, eh? Haw! haw! haw!" put in Drake.

"How did he get that idea into his head?" asked Bill.

"How does any lunatic get his wits crossed? He had a different mania when we first got him. He was put in a cell next to a man from Belfast who had been in the lumber business, and whose name was Edward Randall. The two probably held communication and became friendly in their crazy way. The man from Belfast took cold and died. The day he was buried this chap, Dexter, started in to insist that he was Edward Randall and that his friend Dexter had just

been taken away. At first he wanted Dexter brought back, then he forgot about the matter, but the mania that he is Randall has never left him."

Tom noticed that a broad grin rested on Jerry Drake's face while the man was making this explanation.

"And he imagines he's the victim of a conspiracy?" said Bill, pulling at his pipe.

"That's what he does. These crazy people get the most extraordinary hallucinations into their heads. Why, there's a chap at the State asylum who insists that he is George Washington."

"Have another drink on me," said Jerry Drake, throwing a gold piece on the bar.

"Gee! He's got money after all," thought Tom, whose impression of Jerry was that he was broke.

Bill made the change, giving Drake four bills and some change.

"Don't say I never gave you anything," said Drake, tossing Tom one of the bills.

The boy picked it up from the floor and found it was a \$5 one.

"This is five dollars, Mr. Drake," he said, astonished at the man's liberality, and thinking that he must have made a mistake.

"Stick it in your pocket. There's more where that came from," said Drake, carelessly, shoving the rest of the money in his own pocket.

"Thank you," said Tom.

"You're welcome, youngster."

"You must be well heeled to chuck bills around that way," remarked the man from the sanitarium.

"Sure I am. I make 'em to order," grinned Drake.

He pulled out a handful of \$10 gold pieces and slapped them on the bar.

"Gaze on them," he said, in a tone of satisfaction.

"I don't wonder you can stand the drinks," said the man from the sanitarium. "You certainly have the dust."

At that moment there was a tramping of feet outside.

The boys went to the door and saw the constables and the other three men coming up with the fugitive in their hands.

"Gracious! they've got him!" said Tom, with a keen sense of sympathy for the prisoner.

He had apparently put up a good fight, for his clothes were torn and there were scratches on his face and hands.

The unfortunate man was marched into the inn, and the chap from the sanitarium uttered an ejaculation of intense satisfaction when he saw him.

"Got him on the cliffs, eh?" he said to Constable Smith.

"We found him hiding in a hole in the rocks above the pool," replied the constable.

"What pool?" asked the other.

"A land-locked one close to the shore where the boys go fishing."

Jerry Drake caught one look at the fugitive, gathered up his gold in haste and started for the back door.

"Hold on, Jerry Drake," said Tom, in a loud tone, meant to attract the prisoner's attention to their visitor, in the hope that something might come of the recognition that would help the fugitive.

"Jerry Drake! Is that man Jerry Drake?" cried Edward Randall, in sudden excitement, looking after that individual, whose back was turned to him.

With a sudden effort he broke away from the constables and sprang after Jerry.

Grabbing the stalwart visitor at the inn he swung him around and looked at his bearded face.

"You scoundrel! I recognize you in spite of your beard. I am Edward Randall. Look at me well and then tell me what you did with my boy—my little son."

With an imprecation, Drake flung the patient off and he fell back into the hands of the officers who had rushed after him.

"I will have an answer!" cried Edward Randall, furiously, as he vainly struggled to reach the man again.

"Bring him out to my car," said the attache of the sanitarium. "He's got one of his dangerous fits on now. A rope, somebody, to tie him with."

"Get a piece of line, Tom," ordered Bill.

Tom dashed out the front way, but not to get any line to tie the fugitive.

A sudden thought occurred to him.

He sprang for the automobile, and in a minute he did something to it that would put it out of business the moment it was started up.

A desperate fight was going on inside to hold the prisoner. The officers didn't want to hurt him, and his clothes were torn much more.

To throw off suspicion from himself, Tom concluded to fetch the line.

The prisoner was bound hand and foot and carried to the auto, followed by everybody, though Drake kept somewhat in the background.

It was arranged that Constable Smith and one of his attaches should go in the car and hold the patient, who, however, was now quite helpless.

When all was ready for the start, the sanitarium man cranked up, jumped in and turned on the power.

There was a crash and the machine ran only a few yards.

With an exclamation, the attache made an investigation and discovered that a couple of stones had been dropped into the machinery and that it was wrecked.

The man was mad all over and declared that somebody had put the car on the "fritz" designedly.

"Nobody around here would do such a thing," said the constable.

"You see the stones, don't you?" cried the man, pointing.

The constable saw them and so did everybody else.

"This is an outrage," said the man.

"Do you mean to accuse any of us?" said one of the men who had helped capture Randall. "You'd better be careful."

"Is this your work?" cried the attache, looking alternately at Tom and Will.

"Certainly not," answered Will, indignantly. "How could I do it? I wasn't near your car, neither was Tom."

Tom himself said nothing.

"Bill Jones is something of a machinist in the car line. He'll help you fix up the damage," said the constable.

"It can't be fixed outside a machine shop," said the man. "How am I going to get my man to the sanitarium? Have you got a wagon?" to the proprietor of the inn.

"Yes. If you want the use of it I shall charge you five dollars."

"I don't care what it costs. The doctor will pay. Get it out here."

"Here, Tom," said Bill, looking around, but Tom was not in sight. "Where is the boy?"

"Went in the house, maybe," suggested the constable.

Tom hadn't gone into the house.

The moment he heard the wagon suggested he had slipped out of view on the other side of the car.

The prisoner was alone on the back seat.

Tom cautiously opened the door and his jack-knife at the same time.

Bending low, he cut the line that held the prisoner's legs. Then he reached up and quickly slashed his other bonds.

"Now's your chance, Mr. Randall, dash down the road and make for the woods yonder. It's your only hope to escape."

Tom dropped in the dust and crawled under the machine.

Looking out, he saw the late prisoner running down the road.

His escape was not immediately observed, as all hands were congregated around the forward part of the car.

Suddenly one of the party noticed that the prisoner was not on the seat.

"The patient has tumbled under the seat," he said to the attache.

"Let him tumble," said the man, impatiently. "What do I care?"

Nothing further was said about the fugitive for some minutes, during which the unhappy man improved his start.

Bill had gone into the inn looking for Tom, while the rest of the party talked with the attache.

The innkeeper couldn't find Tom, as a matter of course, so he finally went to the barn himself.

As Edward Randall dashed into a thick hedge and disappeared, his escape was discovered.

Then there was excitement to burn.

The pieces of line, showing plainly they had been cut, were examined, and it was clear that some one had helped the prisoner to get away.

The sanitarium attache was furious.

"There's a traitor in our midst!" he cried. "This rope is evidence of the fact. The person that put those stones in the machinery is guilty of this, too. Where are those boys?"

"Here's one," said the constable, indicating Will.

"Where's the other? He's the guilty party and shall be severely punished for this."

"He was ordered to harness the horse to the light wagon for you," said Will. "You'll find him at the barn."

"Don't stand around like a bunch of wooden men," howled the attache to the party. "Why don't you go look for the man?"

"Which direction did he take?" asked one of the party. Nobody knew.

"Scatter, all of you, and look for him," said Constable Smith. "Come, Jack, Jim, we'll go down to that wood. It's the most likely place to attract him."

All hands, except the sanitarium man, got a move on and hurried different ways.

The attache fumed around and swore like a trooper.

He could not understand how the prisoner could have got far from the car without somebody seeing him.

He began to believe that at least two of the party were pulling against him, though what their object could be was not very clear.

Suddenly it occurred to him to look under the car.

The patient might have crawled there in the hope of being overlooked.

Down he got on his knees and squinted under the machine. He saw a figure there which he naturally concluded was his man.

It was Tom, as the reader knows.

The attache reached in and seized his foot.

"Come out of there, Randall, I've got you!" he cried, triumphantly.

Tom kicked himself free, picked up a small stone and flung it at the man.

He took no particular aim, but the stone landed on one of his eyes.

He uttered a cry of pain and covered the injured member.

Tom then flung several handfuls of dirt and dust at him, compelling him to haul away.

Then the boy crawled out on the off side and crept around to the front.

The attache was acting like a wild man.

He got a wrench from the tool-box and rushed around the rear of the car to tackle the supposed fugitive from the other side.

Tom took advantage of that move to dart for the door of the inn and enter the public room.

He was covered with dust and dirt and he ran through and up to his room to brush himself off.

At that moment Bill drove out of the yard in his light wagon, and he found the sanitarium attache in a puzzled rage over the strange disappearance of the man he had been sure was under the car.

CHAPTER X.

JERRY DRAKE INTERVIEWS TOM.

When Tom looked cautiously from the front door, ten minutes later, he saw his foster-father and the sanitarium man talking beside the damaged car.

Will was coming up the road with Jerry Drake.

The pair had only made a bluff of looking for the fugitive. While Drake was interested in Randall's capture, he had no wish to encounter him again.

They reached the car and then heard the attache's story about the patient having taken refuge under the machine and then made his escape in some mysterious way.

Then Tom joined the group.

"Where have you been?" asked Bill, suspiciously, while the attache eyed him in a way that was far from pleasant.

"I was up in my room," said Tom, quite truthfully.

"What took you there?"

"Oh, nothing in particular."

"You know that the prisoner has escaped, don't you?"

"I see he has," answered Tom.

"You are suspected of having helped him off."

"Me!" ejaculated the boy, with an innocent look.

"Yes, you!" cried the attache. "I wish I could prove it and I'd have you arrested and punished."

"What reason have you for suspecting me?" asked Tom.

"Because you've been acting mighty funny since the patient was brought here. I'd like to know what interest you take in him?"

"I don't see why you think I am taking interest in him."

"Well, somebody has been helping him, that's certain, and I wouldn't be surprised if both you boys were in it."

"You're off your base," said Will.

"Take the wagon back and let it stand in the yard," said Bill to Tom.

"Come on, Will," said Tom, and the boy went into the yard, leading the horse.

"You worked the game mighty slick, Tom. Where did Mr. Randall go?"

"Into the woods, yonder."

"The three constables went there."

"I know it, but I guess the gentleman, with the start he had, will be able to keep out of the way."

"How did you manage to cut him loose?"

Tom explained.

"You put the stones in the machinery of the car?"

"I did, when I went after the rope."

"I knew you must have done it. Gee! but that chap is wild over what has happened. One of his eyes is bunged up. You did that, and the joke is he lays it to his late prisoner. It's a wonder he didn't recognize you when he discovered you under the car."

"He thought it was Mr. Randall's foot he had hold of, and before he could find out his mistake I flung the stone and followed it up with a lot of dirt, to confuse him and give me a chance to crawl out."

"Which you did."

"Of course. I escaped detection by the skin of my teeth. I am suspected, but that amounts to nothing."

It was some time, about sundown, when the searchers all got back without having found a trace of the fugitive.

The hunt was then given up for the present, the detectives walking back to the village.

The other three men lived in Rockdale, and they saw quite a walk before them.

They had started after the fugitive on the promise of \$50 each if they caught him, and \$10 each if they didn't.

They decided they were through and wanted to collect the \$10.

"We'll chip in half a dollar each toward a ride on the wagon if you'll put up the rest," said they to the attache.

The sanitarium man was only willing to pay a dollar.

Bill agreed to let Tom drive them to the outskirts of Rockdale for the \$2.50, and so the matter was settled.

Tom brought the wagon out and the four men, with Will, jumped in.

Will got off at the lane running up to his home and then Tom drove on.

The sanitarium man tried to trap Tom into a confession of having helped the patient escape, but the boy was too smart to get caught.

He got back to the inn about eight o'clock, and found the usual Saturday night crowd at the house.

His supper was kept warm in the oven for him, and while he ate it he told Jenny about the stirring events of the afternoon, which she had only partially learned of by hearing the talk at the supper table.

Mrs. Bill had looked after the front of the house, in Tom's place, and consequently she had only a hazy idea of the happenings.

After supper Tom did a few chores and then went to his room.

There was a light in Drake's room, which showed he was there.

Tom wondered why he was, for it didn't seem natural for him to remain away from the company downstairs.

Tom had been in his room over five minutes when the door opened and Drake walked in.

"Hello, Mr. Drake!" said Tom.

"Look here, young man, why did you shout to me by name in the public room this afternoon when the lunatic was there?" said Drake.

"I wondered where you were going off to," answered the boy. "What difference did it make?"

"You saw what difference it made. It set the crazy man on to me."

"How should I know it would have that effect?"

"That's what I came in here to find out."

"Do you expect me to tell you?"

"I expect you to assign a reason for it."

"How can I reason out the actions of a man out of his mind?"

"Maybe you don't think he's out of his mind."

"What gives you that idea?"

"Look here, young man, you are trying to evade my question."

"How am I?"

"Don't you run away with the idea that I am asleep, Tom Jones. If your old man, Bill Jones, is an easy mark for you to practice on I'm quite the opposite. I came in here to have

an understanding with you. I want to know what you have learned about this man who calls himself Edward Randall?"

"I have learned what the men from the sanitarium have said about him."

"And what else?"

"How could I learn anything else?"

"There you go again, trying to evade a direct answer. You and your friend Will Carter went over to the shore fishing this morning, at a place called the pool. It was right above it that the escaped lunatic was caught later on. Now, I want to know, without any tom-foolery, d'ye understand, if you two met the crazy man on the rocks? Don't try to lie out of it, for I've already questioned Carter, and though he wouldn't give me a direct answer he let out enough to make it certain that you chaps did meet the man and talked with him."

"S'pose we did, what of it?" asked Tom, defiantly.

"Then you admit that you did meet him?"

"Yes, I'll admit it."

"When you came back why didn't you tell Bill, so that he could be caught?"

"Because I was not interested in his capture."

"Why not? Don't you know it's everybody's duty to round up a dangerous man when he's at large?"

"I don't consider Mr. Randall dangerous."

"Mr. Randall, eh? Don't you know that isn't his real name?"

"I couldn't swear it isn't."

"Well, the sanitarium man ought to know, and he says it's his mania—that his right name is Dexter."

"It doesn't follow, because he says so, that it's true."

"What did the lunatic say to you two?"

"He said he was the victim of a conspiracy on the part of a relative who had him put in the sanitarium to get his business and other property away from him."

"And you believed such a preposterous story from a lunatic?"

"I won't say whether I believe it or not. He had no proof to offer to substantiate his story."

"Just so, but you believed it, just the same. You took so much stock in it that you chaps went back to the cliffs after dinner to have another interview. Then you met the constables and the other party, who were looking for the patient, and instead of telling them where they were likely to find the lunatic you kept your mouth shut, and if the chap had had a better hiding place he wouldn't have been caught."

Drake pulled out his pipe, slowly filled it, lighted the tobacco with some deliberation and began to smoke.

"All of which goes to show that when he was brought a prisoner to this inn you made up your mind to save him if you could. You put the stones in the machinery of the car, you afterwards cut the prisoner loose, and he is again at large. If he enters some farmhouse to-night and murders the family in their sleep, as dangerous lunatics have done before, you will be responsible."

"I'm willing to take the chances on that."

"So, you see, you're guilty on all counts."

"I haven't admitted that I'm guilty of anything."

"Maybe you haven't, but you've denied nothing. That's equivalent to admitting your guilt. If you was brought up before the justice he'd put you in jail for interfering with the course of justice."

"You think it's justice, then, to return a sane and perfectly healthy man to a sanitarium where he has already been kept a prisoner against his will, and against his rights as a citizen of this State, for fifteen years?"

"The man isn't sane."

"Would you be willing to go to court and swear he isn't?"

"Of course I would."

"Well, it's a wonder he isn't crazy after what he's been through. You've been away somewhere for fifteen years yourself. Where have you been—in prison?"

Jerry Drake sprang on his feet, with an oath, and glared at the boy as though he would have struck him dead.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. JONES HAS AN ATTACK OF THE NERVES.

"You young imp!" he roared. "What do you mean?"

"I mean what I said," said the boy, coolly. "Fifteen years is a long time for a man to be away from a place where he's left a trunkful of valuable property. It must be something out of the usual to keep him away—something over which he had no control. If a man is in the State prison he's likely to remain there for the term of his sentence, whether he wants to or not."

Tom's unflinching demeanor had its effect even on so stalwart a man as Drake, and he sat down without making any further demonstration.

"So you think I've been in prison, do you?" he said, with an ugly grin.

"I don't know whether you have been or not. I merely asked you if you had."

"But you had some reason for asking it."

"I've just explained my reason."

"Well, you're wrong in your guess. I've been traveling."

"For fifteen years?"

"What of it?"

"Why didn't you come back for your trunk?"

"What's that your business? The trunk was safe enough with Bill."

"Suppose dad had died and marm decided to give up the inn, she'd have been justified in selling the trunk to get rid of it."

"She wouldn't have sold it."

"How do you know she wouldn't?"

"That's my business."

"What's in it?"

"That's my business, too."

"Seems to me there's a lot of mystery about that trunk."

"What's that to you? It's my trunk, and what's in it is mine. I came by it honestly. I'm going to take it away with me to-morrow, so we won't talk no more about it."

"Then you're going to leave here to-morrow?"

"I reckon I am," said Drake, recharging his pipe.

"I heard you tell dad you might stay a week, perhaps longer. I judged by your manner it would be longer."

"I've changed my mind."

"Why? Because Edward Randall recognized you?"

Drake jumped to his feet again, with another imprecation.

"What do you mean, you young—"

"Sit down, Mr. Drake. Don't excite yourself."

"We've come back to the point I wanted to find out. The crazy man told you something about me."

"He told me something about a man named Jerry Drake. As your name is Jerry Drake, naturally I thought of you."

"Just so. What did he tell you about this Jerry Drake?"

"He said he was a foreman in his lumber yard."

"Oh, he did?"

Tom nodded.

"Seeing that he's crazy, and never owned a lumber yard—go on."

"I haven't anything more to say."

"Yes, you have. Tell me all he said about Jerry Drake."

"What's the use? If you are the man you know all he was likely to tell me. If you are another Jerry Drake, the story wouldn't interest you."

"I tell you to go on."

"You'll have to excuse me. I want to go to bed. We'll postpone the rest of this interview till to-morrow," said Tom, getting up.

"Postpone nothing. I want—"

At that moment there was a sound of footsteps in the corridor, and Bill Jones appeared at the door.

"Oh, this is where you are, Jerry," he said. Then, looking at Tom, he said: "I'm glad you haven't turned in. I want you to take our rig and go for the doctor."

"What's the matter?" asked Tom.

"Your ma is sick. I don't know what's the matter with her. She ain't been herself since mornin'. She won't say what ails her. Acts like she had somethin' on her mind. At any rate, Jenny came and told me she's been cryin' all evenin', and talkin' terribly strange about you. She's got herself worked up so that Jenny can't do nothin' with her."

"All right, dad. I'll start right off for Doc Brown." growled Bill, a bit uneasy, for as it was clear that Mrs. Bill who was suffering, he said, from a hysterical fit, brought on by some unusual mental excitement.

Bill received the information in surprise, for he didn't know what mental excitement Mrs. Bill could have had.

He knew she had been acting strangely since that morning, and finally he wormed out of Jenny that the change had come over his wife since an interview she had had with a couple of strangers who stopped at the inn in an automobile that morning and asked to see her in the parlor.

"What in thunder could they have had to say to her?" growled Bill, a bit uneasy, for as it was clear that Mrs. Bill seemed to be worked up over Tom, he began to suspect that the interview had some relation to the boy.

Perhaps his real folks had got track of him at last and were going to take him away from them.

Bill didn't like the idea of losing Tom, for, as we have said before, he thought a lot of the lad; and it was quite certain that Mrs. Bill would have several fits if the boy was taken away.

The physician brought Mrs. Bill around, left some sleeping-powders and went away.

Tom hung around until he learned that his foster-mother was not in any particular danger, and then he went to bed.

Next morning he kept out of Jerry Drake's way, as he did not want to continue the interview.

Drake himself did not show any strong desire to renew the talk, either.

He and Bill went off to the village together during the morning, Tom being left in charge of the inn, which was open on Sundays the same as any week-day.

Mrs. Bill came downstairs and went about her work as usual, but she was much different from her usual self.

She only spoke to Jenny when it was necessary for her to do so.

Will Carter came to the inn about ten o'clock, soon after Bill and Drake departed, and he and Tom sat on the porch and talked, for very few customers dropped in for drinks before the afternoon.

Tom said nothing about his interview the evening before with Drake.

The conversation chiefly turned on Edward Randall, and the boys figured on his chances of reaching Belfast without a cent and looking almost like a tramp.

"He is liable to arrest as a vagrant," said Will.

"Any one can see he's a gentleman in hard luck and not a real tramp. I think he'll be helped on his way by the farmers," said Tom.

"But the farmers will be curious to learn how he happens to be tramping the country with torn clothes and flat broke. He can't tell the truth, for that would almost certainly lead to the sanitarium people getting on his track."

"He'll manage to get through some way if he has half a chance," said Tom. "By the way, Jerry Drake is going to leave us to-day."

"Is he? I thought he was going to stay a while."

"So did I, but I fancy he has reasons for lighting out."

"Do you think those reasons are connected with the escape of Mr. Randall?"

"I do. You remember Mr. Randall recognized him yesterday after his capture, and was going for him hot and heavy when the constables interfered."

"That's right. He is evidently the chap who kidnapped the gentleman's son. I wonder what he did with the boy? The little fellow was only three years old at the time. He probably left him with somebody who wanted a kid of his age."

Tom made no reply.

He sat and stared out into the road.

A curious thought had flashed across his mind.

Could it be possible that he was that kidnapped boy?

He recalled his dreams of a large house in the midst of handsome grounds somewhere in the misty past.

He recollects that he had been brought to a large house facing on a road by a strange man, whose features he could not bring to mind, but whose general physique, it struck him, was not unlike Jerry Drake's.

His next recollection was being with Bill Jones and his wife. How he came to be under their wing he knew not.

For a long time he supposed he was their son, and only when one of the fishermen's sons let out the secret to him one day, whereupon he hurried home and asked for an explanation, did he learn the truth.

A punch from Will aroused Tom from his brown study.

"What are you thinking so hard about?" asked his friend. "I spoke to you twice and you made no answer. You looked just like a wooden cigar sign."

"Oh, nothing," replied Tom.

"Nothing! That's pretty good. Are you taken this way often?" grinned Will.

"I'll admit I was thinking of something, but it wouldn't interest you if I told you what it was," said Tom, seeking to pass it off as a matter of no consequence.

It certainly would have interested Will to a very considerable degree, and Tom knew it, but as he had no real foundation to base his suspicion on, except the fact that he was three years old when he became a member of Bill Jones' family, he did not deem it wise to give his friend even a hint as to the tenor of his thoughts.

Just then Bill and Drake hove in sight, coming from the village, and in a few minutes they seated themselves on the porch and the boys went to Tom's room.

CHAPTER XII.

JERRY DRAKE TAKES THE WIND OUT OF DR. NOEL'S SAILS.

The damaged automobile still stood by the side of the road near the entrance to the inn yard.

Soon after Bill and Drake returned a red auto came down the road from Rockdale and drew up at the inn.

Out of it got Dr. Noel and the attache who had come in the other car.

The doctor and his man went at once to the broken-down machine and looked it over, then Doctor Noel walked up to the porch and introduced himself to Bill and Drake.

"I'd like to get at the bottom of the escape of my patient after he had been captured over on the shore," he said. "My man reported to me that after he became violent here he was securely bound, hand and foot, and placed in the car to be returned to the sanitarium. Then several things happened that shows somebody intervened in the patient's behalf. A couple of stones were first dropped into the machinery of the car, which paralyzed the motive power, and during the excitement which followed the patient was freed of his bonds and enabled to get away again. I want to know, Mr. Jones, as all this happened in front of your house, and you were present, if you have any suspicions of the author of the outrage?"

"I can't say that I have, sir," replied Bill. "It was the slickest piece of business I ever heard of—pulled off right under the very noses of the crowd, myself included."

"So it appears. I regret to say that my man strongly suspects your son as the guilty party, aided, perhaps, by his friend who was present," said the doctor.

"I'll take my davy that my son had no hand in it," said Bill, a bit warmly.

"I sincerely hope not, for I intend to make matters very unpleasant for the person who damaged my car and aided the patient to escape, if I succeed in discovering his identity. Is your son on the premises now?"

"He was here a few minutes ago with his friend."

"Where did they go?"

"Into the house."

"I shall consider it a favor if you will bring them out here. I desire to question them."

"Certainly. I will go and find them."

Bill got up and entered the inn.

"May I ask if you were here yesterday when the trouble happened?" Dr. Noel asked Drake.

"I was."

"I suppose you saw nothing that would throw suspicion on any one?"

"I did not, but I think I could put my hand on the party responsible for it."

"Indeed! If you will give me the necessary information I shall be much indebted to you. In fact, I am ready to pay \$100, or even more, for information leading to the arrest of the miscreant."

"I will tell you certain facts on one condition only."

"What is the condition?"

"That you do not proceed against the party in question."

The doctor frowned.

"You know the person and seek to protect him against justice. Do you know, sir, I can have you summoned before the justice and compel you to testify?"

"You can't make me do a thing," replied Drake, defiantly. "What I am willing to tell you in no way directly connects the party I refer to with the damage to your car or the escape of the prisoner. I didn't see him do a thing."

"Then what good is your information?"

"It is this much good—it will show a motive, perhaps, for what happened. But I tell you I won't have the boy touched."

"Ah, I see!" said the doctor, quickly. "You have reason to believe the Jones' boy is the guilty one. That is all I wish to know. I shall have him arrested and brought before the justice. We'll see if he can't be made to confess."

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" roared Drake, angrily.

"I am master of my own actions, sir," said Dr. Noel, frigidly.

"Oh, you are, eh? Very well, we shall see if you are, you infernal scoundrel!"

"Such language to me, sir! How dare you!"

"Don't put on any frills with me. I ain't dead stuck on that boy, but I won't have him touched, for all that. If you get a warrant out for his arrest, I'll make you regret it to the day of your death. D'y'e understand?"

"You are impudent, sir. I shall act as I think best."

"Well, you act against him and I'll blow the whole conspiracy that has held Edward Randall a prisoner in your sanitarium for the past fifteen years."

A bomb exploding at the doctor's feet could not have startled him more than Jerry Drake's words.

His face became livid, and then the blood receded and left it deathly pale.

"What do you mean? Who are you?" he gasped.

"I have told you what I mean, and you needn't worry who I am. I can do what I say. I've been paid to keep my mouth shut and I'll do it as long as things run smoothly, but the first move that you or anybody else makes against that boy is going to cause an explosion that'll send more than one person to the State prison, and I reckon you'll be one of the bunch. That's all I've got to say."

Dr. Noel was taken clean off his feet by the straight-from-the-shoulder remarks of Jerry Drake.

He saw that Drake knew things that wouldn't be well to be repeated in public, and after he recovered from the shock his demeanor became conciliatory.

"Tell me what you intend to do. I promise not to proceed against the boy," he said.

"Now you're talking sensibly. I'll put it in a few words, for I hear Bill and the boys coming. Those two boys met Randall on the rocks yesterday and he told them enough to win their sympathy. The rest followed."

He sat back in his chair and puffed his pipe as Bill came out of the public room, followed by Tom and Will, who had been warned to be careful what they admitted if they knew anything about the matter in question, for, privately, Bill believed they were the culprits.

"Here's my son, Tom, and this is his friend, Will Carter," said the innkeeper. "They have no objection to answer your questions."

Dr. Noel was shrewd enough to surmise that the innkeeper had put the boys on their guard.

That fact, together with his promise to Drake, made his questions merely perfunctory.

He was satisfied they were at the bottom of the case, but he deemed it wise not to press matters.

The boys came off with flying colors, unaware that they owed their easy examination to Jerry Drake.

The doctor ordered his man to turn his car around and run it ahead of the damaged one.

Ropes were produced and the two were hitched together.

Then Dr. Noel and his attache started back for Rockdale at a slow pace, hauling the other machine with them.

Before they went, however, the man handed Drake a penciled note, which read as follows:

"My man says your name is Drake. I will consider it a favor if you will come over to Rockdale late this afternoon, or this evening, and visit me at the sanitarium. I would like to have a talk with you." FELIX NOEL."

Drake read the note with a grim smile and put the paper in his pocket.

"I don't imagine I shall take the trouble to oblige him, as I have other fish to fry. I expect to be on my way to Boston by water soon after sundown, with the world before me and the wherewith to make the mare go," he said to himself.

"You chaps got off easy," grinned Bill, as the two autos went on their way.

"How?" said Tom, innocently.

"If you boys don't know who put the stones in that car and who cut the prisoner loose, nobody does."

"I'm sorry you suspect us, dad. I'll swear Will had no hand in it."

"Then you done it alone, did you?"

"I haven't said I did anything."

"I know you haven't. You're too wise a bird. But you can admit the facts to Jerry and me. We'll never give you away."

"No, I'm not saying anything," said Tom. "The stones might have hopped into the machinery; and the prisoner might have cut himself loose. However the thing was done, it was pulled off in good shape and right under the eyes of nearly a dozen men, three of them constables."

"I'll allow it was a mighty slick piece of business," chuckled Bill. "I s'pose it was just a practical joke, but it was a mighty serious one. I wouldn't like to have to pay a bill for damages to that car, nor would I care to see somebody I know brought before the justice and charged with a misdemeanor."

"There was something more than a practical joke in it, dad. It was an effort made to give a much-wronged man the chance to right himself."

"The biggest fools in this world are those who butt into other people's business," growled Drake, a bit savagely.

"There are worse fools than those, Mr. Drake," retaliated Tom, "and those are the people whose rascally nature impells them to act the part of a Judas, and sting the hand that feeds them."

"You've said enough, young man," glared Drake.

"I haven't said half enough, but under the circumstances I'm willing to let it go at that."

Here Jenny came to the door and announced dinner.

The two men got up and went in.

Will said it was time for him to go to his own dinner, so he said good-by and started off, leaving Tom in company with his own thoughts.

CHAPTER XIII.

A GOLDEN TREASURE.

Tom went to his dinner when his foster-father and Drake came out.

He had done some hard thinking while by himself, and an idea had occurred to him that made the old mysterious trunk in the attic stand out in a new light.

What made it so heavy he couldn't guess, nor did it greatly concern him, but he wondered if the trunk contained any secret that would throw a light on his own young life.

He had accumulated a strong suspicion that Jerry Drake was the person who had brought him to that locality and turned him over to Bill Jones.

If he could secure some evidence of the fact then the missing link between him and his real parentage would probably be found.

Wonderful, indeed, it would be if he turned out to be the kidnapped son of the unfortunate Edward Randall.

The trunk now had an added interest to him, yet how was he ever going to get a peep into it, for Drake was going to leave that evening and take it away with him.

He had finished his dinner and was about to leave the kitchen when Jenny came to him and said:

"I found this key in the corridor after I had made up your bed and Mr. Drake's. It's a peculiar kind of a brass key, and I thought perhaps it might belong to our visitor. I tried it on his grip, but it didn't begin to fit. I don't know anything in the house that it would fit. Maybe Will Carter dropped it out of his pocket. You had better take it and find the owner if you can."

The moment Tom looked at it he thought of the old trunk in the attic.

He believed Drake had lost it in the corridor.

Here was his chance, perhaps, to see what was in the trunk, and also to search it for some clew connected with himself.

He walked outside to see where Drake was.

Tom looked out on the porch, but Drake was not there.

"I guess he's in his room," thought Tom. "I will go up and see."

The boy walked upstairs and, with an excuse to account for his intrusion, he opened Jerry's door and looked in, but the bearded man was not there.

He started up the attic stairs and entered the unfinished room.

The window, which swung in one piece on hinges, was wide open, and the afternoon sun shone in warm and bright, lighting up the place with a cheerful glow.

The old trunk no longer stood in the corner, but had been pulled forward within a yard of the short flight of steps leading from the door up into the room.

Jerry had evidently hauled it there ready to carry it away when the time came.

With a fluttering heart, Tom knelt beside it and inserted the brass key.

It fitted exactly.

One turn and the lock snapped back.

Nothing remained for him to do but lift the lid to catch sight of the mysterious contents of the trunk.

"Here goes!" he said, throwing it up.

One look inside and he gasped with astonishment.

What he saw was what he least expected to gaze upon.

The old trunk was apparently filled with ten-dollar gold pieces.

A veritable fortune—a golden treasure—lay before his entranced vision.

"Money—gold!" he cried, rubbing his eyes to make sure he saw aright. "Where in creation did Jerry Drake get hold of this? He could hardly have stolen so much. And it's been

lying here in our attic for fifteen years untouched. I wonder if dad really knew this trunk was full of money? If he did, has he been taking some of it by degrees and putting it in the village bank? It is hard to say. Certainly the temptation to do that would have overcome most people, though it seems to me the natural impulse of nine persons out of ten would have been to grab it all at once. Dad didn't dare do that if he knew what was in the trunk, for he was afraid of Jerry—afraid of what would happen in that case when Jerry came back, as dad felt it in his bones that he would come back some time, and probably unexpectedly, just as he did."

Tom grabbed a handful of the gold and let it run through his fingers.

It gave forth a musical jingle.

Under the fascination of the gold Tom had forgotten the real purpose of his visit to the attic.

He now recalled it.

But as far as he could see the trunk held nothing but money. To say the truth, Tom was disappointed.

He had hoped to find something that would throw light upon the subject uppermost in his mind—how he came to be a member of Bill Jones' household.

Since there was nothing of that nature in the trunk—and the gold belonged to Jerry Drake—he had no further reason for remaining in the attic.

He was about to close the lid when he heard a rush of steps behind him and, turning his head, he perceived that the owner of the trunk had caught him.

Drake's face flamed with rage.

"So it was you who found the key, and you've come here to rob me of my gold," he cried, his voice thick with passion. "You ungrateful cub, I'll break every bone in your body. Out the window you shall go, and may you break your infernal neck."

With those words, Drake seized him in an iron grip and dragged him over to the window despite his struggles, for he was like an infant in the powerful and enraged man's grasp.

The boy's foot caught against a box on the floor, and the shock wrenched him out of Drake's grasp.

Tom wriggled a few feet away and tried to scramble on his feet.

At that moment Will Carter came into the corridor below in search of his friend.

The boy's effort to escape was unsuccessful.

The bearded man seized Tom and forced him out on the window-sill.

"Help! help!" shrieked the boy, gripping the sides of the window in a despairing effort to save himself.

Will, hearing his cry, came running up the stairs.

He saw Tom's peril and, though he knew he was no match for Drake, he jumped upon the man like a wildcat and began thumping him in the face.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

The uproar in the attic attracted the attention of Jenny, who was in the yard.

She looked up at the window and saw Tom hanging half out, in the grasp of Jerry Drake.

In great alarm she rushed into the public room and told Bill Jones.

The innkeeper, much astonished, rushed upstairs to investigate, spurred on by the sounds he heard coming from the attic.

When he bounded up the stairs into the room he saw Drake in a rough-and-tumble struggle with the two boys.

He took a hand at once and pulled Jerry away, compelling him to release the two boys, who got on their feet much the worse for the scrap.

"What in thunder is the matter with you, Jerry?" demanded Bill.

"That's the matter with me," said the bearded man, pointing at the open trunk. "I caught that fine son of yours robbing me."

"That's a lie!" answered Tom, indignantly.

"Do you deny that I found you on your knees before that trunk, the lid up and you in the act of taking some of the money?"

"I admit the first part of your statement, but not the last," said Tom.

"You found the key and came here to rob me."

"I found the key, but did not come to rob you. I did not dream that the trunk was full of money. I was curious to see

what was in a trunk that had been so many years in our attic."

"You had no right to do it, Tom. I warned you ag'in it," said Bill, with a frown. "Lock your trunk, Jerry, and come downstairs."

Drake locked his trunk and put the key in his pocket, following the rest of the party downstairs.

The boys went out in front and sat down.

"I'm much obliged to you, Will, for coming to my aid. I believe Drake really meant to drop me out of the window. He was mad enough to do it, anyway."

"You're welcome, old fellow," said Will. "The mystery of the old trunk seems to be explained. It's full of money. Where did the money come from?"

"That's a mystery that hasn't been explained yet."

"Do you think your father knows?"

"I couldn't tell you. I couldn't even tell you whether he knew there was money in the trunk."

"He wasn't surprised to see it when he came up there."

"Then he knew. I guess you were surprised."

"I should say I was. I haven't got over it yet. There must be a fortune in the trunk."

"A fortune! You'd better say two or three fortunes. It's a golden treasure."

"And it all belongs to Drake?"

"He lays claim to it, at any rate."

"He's going to take it away with him to-night."

"If he goes himself he'll take it all right."

"It's too much for a man of his condition to have."

"Perhaps."

An auto came down the road from Rockdale.

In it were Dr. Noel and the stranger who had been the cause of Mrs. Bill's nervous attack.

It stopped just beyond the inn and the stranger beckoned to the boys.

Tom went to see what he wanted.

"There is a man named Jerry Drake stopping at the inn, I believe?" said the man.

"Yes," answered Tom.

"Tell him a gentleman wishes to see him a moment."

Tom returned to the porch and entered the public room.

Drake was standing at the end of the bar smoking nad looking rather sour.

Tom went up to him and delivered his message.

"A gentleman, eh? And he wants to see me?"

"Yes."

"You go back and tell him if he wants to see me he can come in here."

Tom carried the message back to the man in the car.

"Go and tell him I'm Lawrence Graham, and that he must come out."

Lawrence Graham!

Tom's ears tingled at the name.

This was the relative Edward Randall accused of being a Judas.

The boy looked at him fixedly.

"What are you staring at, boy? Do as I bid you," said Graham.

Tom went back to the public room.

"He says you must come out to his car. His name is Lawrence Graham."

Drake looked startled for an instant.

Recovering himself, he stepped behind the bar, picked up Bill's revolver, which he put in his pocket, and walked outside with a swaggering air.

Tom returned to his seat on the porch.

He and Will watched Drake go over to the auto.

Dr. Noel had in the meantime left the rear seat for a front one beside the chauffeur.

Graham pointed to the vacated seat and told Drake to get in. Drake refused.

Some argument followed and then the gentleman suddenly drew a revolver and covered Drake, at the same time pointing to the seat again.

"You've got the drop on me. I'll come," said Drake.

He made a move to get in, and Graham dropped his arm.

Quick as a wink, Drake pulled out his gun and fired at the man in the auto.

Tom and Will sprang up, with ejaculations of dismay.

Lawrence Graham clasped one hand to his breast and, as he fell forward, he raised his revolver and fired at Jerry, who was backing away.

Drake staggered back and fell in a heap into the hedge.

Everybody in the inn came rushing out in great excitement.

The auto, however, swung around and started back at full speed toward Rockdale.

Tom told what had happened and there was a rush for the hedge.

Jerry was lifted and carried into the public room.

He had received the bullet in his abdomen, and Bill shook his head, doubtfully.

"Take the horse, Tom, and ride for the doctor. Get him here as soon as you can," he said.

As Tom hastened to obey, Jerry was borne upstairs to his room.

When the physician arrived and examined Drake's wound he said it was fatal and he could not survive the night.

He did what he could to make the dying man comfortable and then went away.

Bill remained with his old friend and Tom remained in charge downstairs, but he presently got orders to dismiss the customers and shut up.

Will went home.

Tom was then called upstairs.

"Tell him," said Drake to Bill.

The innkeeper looked nervously at his foster-son for some moments.

"Tom, you know I'm not your real father," he said.

"Yes."

"You've often asked me to tell you who you were, and I told you I didn't know, which was a fact. I didn't know till Jerry told me a few minutes ago. It was Jerry who turned you over to me fifteen years ago."

"And he kidnapped me from Belfast," said Tom.

"How did you learn that?" said Bill, in surprise.

"Then my father's name is Edward Randall."

"Who has been telling you this, and when did you learn about it?"

"It's the truth, isn't it?"

"Yes."

Then Tom told about the interview he had had on the rocks with his own father, though at the time he was not aware of the relationship.

"So that was the reason you helped the prisoner to escape yesterday?"

"Yes, dad, that was the reason."

"And to think it was your own father you were doing the favor to," said Bill. "Well, I s'pose me and your mother'll lose you now. It's goin' to break Maria's heart, for she thinks more of you than she'll admit."

"I'll never go back on either of you, dad, don't worry. You shall see me often."

"And now about the money up in that there trunk in the attic. Jerry says you're to have half of it, and he hopes you'll forgive him for stealing you away from your home."

"As he's dying, I couldn't do otherwise than forgive him," and Tom took Jerry by the hand and assured him he held nothing against him in that solemn hour.

Jerry died several hours later, with the going out of the tide, and Bill saw that he received a first-class funeral.

The money in the trunk was counted and footed up \$60,00.

Half went to Tom and the balance to Bill.

The boy learned that Jerry found the money hidden in a hole in the cliffs.

Lawrence Graham died inside of a week from the wound Jerry gave him.

He made a full confession of his duplicity and stated that the kidnapped son of Edward Randall was now known as Tom Jones, son of the proprietor of the Stormport Inn.

The meeting between Tom and his real father was a most affecting one.

The boy learned that his right name was Jack Randall, and he adopted it at once.

Bill Jones and his wife Maria regretfully parted with their foster-son, but young Jack, late Tom, assured them he would visit them often, and he kept his word.

He went to live in the big house where he was born in Belfast, and eventually he went into his father's business as junior partner.

Mr. Randall having recovered all that belonged to him was independently rich once more, and as his son was his sole heir, the boy really had no need of his half of the golden treasure.

Next week's issue will contain "HAL'S BUSINESS VENTURE; OR, MAKING A SUCCESS OF HIMSELF."

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.

CURRENT NEWS

One of the most curiously constructed bird's nests ever seen in Denver is on exhibition at the home of the Denver Dumb Friends' League. It was picked up by Dr. John M. Gower on the sidewalk in front of the court-house, where the wind had evidently blown it. The nest is a sparrow's and its maker was preparing against the attack of his inherent enemy—man. It might be called a fortified nest. It is made of old sweepings, with hairpins and nails woven in at the sides. The points of the pins and the nails stick outward and remind one of rifles sticking through the port-holes of a fortification.

With the end of the preparations for revolutionary changes in the design and size of American currency almost in sight, Secretary MacVeagh of the Treasury Department expects to give the order for printing the new notes to Director Ralph of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing about February 15, almost at the end of his administration. It will require eighteen months to accomplish the change. Secretary MacVeagh has engaged Kenyon Cox, an artist of New York, to design the back of the notes, which will be the same for all denominations of all classes. Mr. Cox submitted to the Secretary to-day the general features of the design he contemplates, and these were tentatively approved. This design is symbolic of progress and peace, showing the development of the nation in the lines of labor and commerce. The new currency will be two-thirds the size of that now in circulation, its dimensions being 6x2½ inches.

G. A. Harwood, chief engineer of the electrical zone improvements for the New York Central Railroad Company, told Public Service Commissioners Eustis, Maltbie and Williams at a public hearing recently that the "whole work" attached to the construction of the new Grand Central terminal would be completed on December 31, 1913. The hearing was in relation to the application of the New York Central for an extension of time for the completion of the terminal, already approved by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. In reply to a question as to when various thoroughfares would be restored to normal condition, the commissioners were informed that 43d street would be in proper shape by March 1 next, 44th street and Vanderbilt Place by April 1 and 45th street by May 1. It was explained that the great increase in electrical transportation which had taken place since the original plans were made had made necessary general additions.

Three-year-old Catherine Berry of No. 332 East Thirty-eighth street, New York, got tired of playing with her doll the other afternoon, and when her mother went to the hall, leaving the child alone, Catherine wandered through the rooms in search of amusement. But nothing interested her till she reached the pantry, where on a shelf about on a level with her chin was a pint flask of whisky. The

child took the bottle, and seating herself on the floor, examined it carefully. She couldn't get out the cork with her fingers, so she gripped it with her teeth. After a while she worked it loose, put the bottle to her lips and drained it. The flask, clutched with both hands, was still in the baby's mouth when Mrs. Berry entered. With a scream she dashed the bottle to the floor. As she did so Catherine toppled over unconscious. The distracted mother poured water down the baby's throat, but to no purpose. Then Dr. Schroeder was called from Bellevue Hospital. His efforts to revive the child were in vain, and he took her to the hospital. There he and Dr. Lindeman worked over Catherine until 7.15 o'clock at night, when she died without regaining consciousness.

During a recent visit to Sweden Valley, Potter county, Pennsylvania, about four miles south of Coudersport, the Rev. O. Grey Hutchinson of Manassas, Va., who is a student of the Crozier theological seminary in Chester, Pa., made an inspection of the remarkable Sweden Valley ice mine, in which ice forms even in the hottest weather without any water being in sight. Dr. Hutchinson says: "About fifteen years ago some prospectors looking for silver found a place that looked promising to them. They started digging, but instead of finding silver, they found ice; this, too, in the month of August. It was not many days until a 30-foot hole was filled with solid ice. The ice area is not covered by this shaft, but is about 30 rods long by from three to seven rods wide. In this area grow ferns such as grow in Alaska, and which die as soon as the weather gets cool enough to melt the ice, for strange enough to say, this ice is only formed in hot weather, and the hotter the better, but as soon as the weather begins to get cool the ice begins to go out, so that when cold weather sets in earnest there is no ice there at all."

Not less than twenty-five villages have been destroyed in the State of Oaxaca, Mexico, in the past ten days by the government troops. The administration, believing that the rebels in that region have been sufficiently cowed by the terrible warfare which has been waged, has now sanctioned orders for the retirement of the greater part of the Federals from that state, leaving the final pacification to the local troops. Some 500 Indians have surrendered, but a large part of these were without arms, affording some basis for the unofficial declarations that little of real value has been accomplished toward the subjugation of the rebels, who it is feared by the residents of the city of Oxaca will redouble their efforts, with the added motive of revenge. In spite of the fact that the Federals, in all the districts invested by Zapatistas, have been freely using the right conferred by the suspension of the guarantees to execute summarily, there is little, if any, improvement in the general situation. On the other hand, the rebels use their energies in sacking small towns and plantations, which has resulted in enormous losses in the states of Mexico and Puebla.

BOB BAXTER THE YOUNG STAMP COLLECTOR

OR,

A THOUSAND DOLLARS FROM ONE

By GASTON GARNE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XVIII. (Continued)

Meanwhile, the conversation between the two rascals continued.

"Got the studs out of his shirt?" asked Bill.

"Yes, and the rings," answered Redmond. "Here is a fat pocketbook, too."

"Good enough! Is he dead?"

"I guess so. We'd better be off. Say, Bill?"

"What is it?"

"What became of the old man's stamp album?"

"A feller named Bob Baxter stole it," replied Bill. "I only wish I had it—that's all."

"How do you know?"

"Well, he was with the old man when he croaked, and when my sister came back it was gone."

"It's a pity about that book," said Redmond. "I could have made a big thing out of it for both of us. You ought to have snaked it when I told you."

"Sorry now I didn't," groaned Bill in a most disconsolate tone.

Bob chuckled.

Here were these two rascals trying to deceive each other.

No doubt Bill believed that Bob stole the album, but Redmond little dreamed that his companion had found the big book beneath the bricks, only to lose it again.

"If they only knew," he whispered to Mattie.

"Hush!" breathed the girl, warningly. "They will hear you!"

"Look here, Bill," said Redmond. "I'll tell you of a scheme."

"What is it?"

"If we're all dished out of old Percival's stamps, I know a collection just as big that we can lay our hands on, if we're sharp."

"Whose?"

"Old man Walling's. It's worth half as much again as Percival's. Walling has gone to Chicago, and the son went away somewhere to-day. There ain't a blessed soul in the house but one old woman. We can get to the rear through a new building that's going up. If we could once collar that collection we could skip to Europe. I know a man who would give me cash down on the nail for it. What do you say? Is it a go?"

For a moment Bill Jing made no answer.

"Red, I'm with you," he said presently. "We'll say to-morrow night."

"O. K. To-morrow night it is. Pity about the old man's album, though. If I could only lay my hands on that, too—"

"But you never will," replied Bill grimly. "Bob Baxter got the start of us there. Come, let's be off."

And Bob and Mattie heard them hurriedly leave the old house.

"Come," whispered Bob, "we must go down. Perhaps that unfortunate man isn't dead."

"Wait! wait!" answered Mattie. "We must give them time to get away. Bob Baxter, you must do your duty. You must prevent this robbery. Were Bill twenty times my brother, I wouldn't raise my hand to save him now; but, thank heaven, he is my brother only in name!"

"Why, Mattie, what do you mean?" exclaimed Bob.

"Didn't father tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"That I was only his adopted daughter?"

"Why, no! Whose daughter are you, then?"

"That's more than I can tell you. Father found me on a doorstep when I was a baby. But, come now, they must have gone. For father's sake, I was willing to bear with Bill, but he's gone a step too far. I never want to see his face again."

Bob, leading the way, now stole to the stairs and listened. All was still.

"Leave the book up here," suggested Mattie. "Hark! Don't you hear the sound of oars? They must be going away in a boat."

"Gracious! But Mr. Percival's stamp collection has had a narrow escape to-night!" muttered Bob.

They now hurried to the floor below.

"Stay here," whispered Bob. "I'll go on."

"No! no! I shall go with you. Light the lantern."

"Not yet. They may see the light, and come back. I'll light a match."

"I thought you had no matches."

"I have just found one in my vest pocket."

"Then you had better not waste it."

"That's so. I'll turn the wick down very low and keep the lantern under my coat."

It was done in a moment, and, followed by Mattie, Bob stepped into the room.

There, in the middle of the floor, lay an elderly, well-dressed man, with upturned face, white and still.

His clothes were wringing wet, his head was bare, and his face bore several bruises.

There could be no doubt that he had been one of the passengers on the steamer, which could be seen still blazing away through the fog.

"Poor man! He is dead!" breathed Mattie. "I saw him on the steamer! How horrible!"

"Let's be sure," answered Bob, bending over the body, and throwing the light of the lantern upon the pale face.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed suddenly. "It is Mr. Walling!"

And so it was.

Not the miserly old stamp collector, but the other Walling.

It was the man who had given Bob Baxter the dollar—that lucky dollar that had been transformed into a thousand in gold coin.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN EVIL SCHEME.

"Mr. Walling!" exclaimed Mattie. "What! The man Bill means to rob?"

"No! no! Not that one; another!" cried Bob. "Look, Mattie! He moves! He is not dead! We must have help here at once!"

"What we want is a doctor," answered Mattie, "and you must go for one, Bob."

"And leave you?"

"You must!"

"But suppose Bill and Redmond should come back?"

"I'm not afraid. I have more control over Bill than you may think. Go, Bob, and go quick!"

Bob hesitated no longer.

He was well satisfied that Redmond and Bill had left in their boat, or perhaps he would not have been willing to leave Mattie alone.

It was quite evident that Mr. Walling was not dead, for his limbs were twitching, and Bob felt sure that he had heard him heave a faint sigh.

"I won't be gone a moment longer than I can help," he said, "but you'd better get out if you hear them coming back."

"Indeed I won't," answered Mattie, who was bending over the sufferer and chafing his hands. "Do you think I would leave a dying man, or one who may be dying? No! Not even if he were Charles Walling himself, instead of his uncle, as I suppose this man to be."

"You're a brave girl, Mattie."

"You're a brave boy, Bob Baxter. Now be off."

"I wonder if the two Wallings are brothers?" thought Bob, as he hurried from the house.

But it was Bob Baxter's destiny to know these same Wallings better still.

When Bob got outside he found that the fog had cleared away to some extent, although it was still raining hard.

He perceived also that not far from the old stone house was a wall, and beyond that wall rose a large mansion.

The wall ran from the road down to the beach, and Bob

reversed this order of things by running at the top of his speed from the beach to the road.

When he reached the front of the mansion he saw that a bright light was burning in one of the windows of the ground floor, and he ran up the steps and pulled the bell.

"Who's there?" cried a man's voice, after a minute.

A window had been slightly raised. Evidently the man was afraid to come to the door.

"I want to get a doctor!" cried Bob. "There's a gentleman very badly off in the old house just beyond here. He came off the steamer that just burned up out in the bay."

"There's no doctor nearer than Clifton—that's a mile," replied the voice.

"Couldn't you come? A warm room and a little liquor might save him."

"Hold on! I'll open the door," replied the man, and after a great letting down of bars and chains he did so.

Bob Baxter gave a great shout.

"Mr. Percival!"

"You again!" cried the stamp collector. "Why, I've been waiting for you to come back ever since. You didn't see anything of the robbers, I suppose?"

"No, but I saw two others who were going to rob you," said Bob, and on their way to the old stone house Bob told the whole story, which caused the old gentleman to open his eyes.

"Well! well!" he exclaimed. "What a rascal that Moses Redmond is, to be sure! It seems to be getting dangerous to own a collection of postage stamps. I'll have mine removed to the safe deposit company to-morrow. Walling must be warned. Mean as he is, I wouldn't see him robbed. I suppose you know that this man is his brother. He's altogether a different person, though—one of the most liberal of men."

"Is he, though?" muttered Bob, thinking of his dollar.

But just then, while Mr. Percival was still rattling away, they reached the old stone house.

Here they found Mattie seated on the floor beside the sufferer, who was now entirely conscious, though apparently very weak.

"You, Percival!" he exclaimed, faintly. "Take me away from here! Oh, this is a terrible thing! Do you know, I've gained a clue to my child at last!"

"Walling, my dear fellow, don't excite yourself," replied Mr. Percival, bending over him. "Take some of this whiskey. It will revive you."

"Not one drop! Not one drop!" cried Mr. Walling. "You know my story, Percival. Since that day, 20 years ago, when I lost my little Mabel in the streets of New York because I had lost my senses through whiskey, not a drop of the infernal stuff has passed my lips. Percival, I have great news! Heard it only last night. Mabel is alive, and is living in Havana. I was on my way there when this accident overtook me. Help me, Percival. I have been robbed, and but for this girl here might have died. I believe I'm losing my senses, Percival! Look at the girl! Look at her! Why, it's Mabel's face! Mabel's eyes! Mabel's hair! Get a doctor, Percival! Get me to your house! Get me somewhere—do something! I can't die now, and I won't!"

(To be Continued)

FACTS WORTH READING

FROM NEWS-STAND TO COLLEGE.

The ambition of five years to enter Yale College is about to be realized by Joseph Eisenberg, a newsboy, who has sold papers on a Milwaukee street corner since he was obliged to leave school to aid in the support of his family. Eisenberg studied at a night school and at Marquette University to fit himself for Yale. Now he has sold his share in his street stand to his brother, and will devote the proceeds, with other savings, to higher education.

BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY TO PENSION EMPLOYEES.

The Bell Telephone system has arranged for a fund of ten million dollars to provide pensions, sick benefits, and life insurance for its 175,000 employees. Men over sixty years of age and twenty years in service will retire on a pension, and the company has the option of retiring them at the age of fifty-five. The pension age for women is fifty-five years with the option of retiring them at the age of fifty. The pension will amount to one per cent. of the average annual pay for ten years, multiplied by the years of service, and no pension will be less than twenty dollars per month. An employee who is totally disabled by accident will receive full pay for thirteen weeks, and half pay until he returns to work up to six years. Sick employees receive thirteen weeks' full pay and half pay thirty-nine weeks. In case of death in the performance of work, the heirs will receive insurance equal to three years' pay with a maximum payment of \$5,000. Death from other causes brings insurance in accordance with the years of employment, with a maximum payment of \$2,000.

B. T. WASHINGTON TELLS WHAT THE BLACK MAN HAS DONE IN 50 YEARS.

Booker T. Washington delivered an address at the Free Synagogue, Carnegie Hall, New York, recently. The auditorium was crowded when Dr. Stephen S. Wise introduced Dr. Washington as "not only the leader of his race, but one of the great leaders of the American people."

"I am most grateful to you," declared Dr. Washington, "for the recognition you have given the freedom of a race in this country. In 1913 our race will have been free in this country fifty years and in October of that year the plans are that in every village, hamlet and city where there are any number of black people, we shall, in the schools, churches and halls, commemorate, as a race, our freedom."

Dr. Washington said there were now ten million negroes in this country, enough to populate five small European countries. One million of this negro population, he said, lived in the North, the rest in the South, and he declared that while only 3 per cent. of the slaves could read and write, 68 per cent. of the negroes were now educated.

The speaker said that in 1881, when he opened the school at Tuskegee, the negroes objected to learning farming,

cooking, etc., saying that they had worked all their lives and that work should be left out of school. This idea, he declared, had been overcome and that thousands of negroes were now successful farmers, real estate men, grocers and bankers.

The negro has proven that he could get land and keep it, become educated and industrious and become a law-abiding and useful citizen. In the South negroes and whites, with but few exceptions, he said, work in harmony, and each help the other.

QUEER JOB FOR YOUNG GIRL.

Miss Mayme Pixley of Jeffersonville, Ind., is the only one of her sex in her profession, that of painter of smokestacks. When asked why she chose this perilous job she replied:

"I don't know. I reckon it's because I have tagged after pappy ever since I was a little girl. I was raised on a farm and have always worked side by side with pappy since I was 12. I had six sisters, and they took the housework and the cooking upon themselves, for my mother was too much of an invalid to work. There were six to help her and not one to help pappy."

"Finally I began to help him plough and hoe and shoe the horses on the farm. When I was 19 we came to Jeffersonville, Ind., to live. Then he again took up his trade of painter—painter of smokestacks."

"One day he fell, and unless the contract was fulfilled he would lose money. I went out to his helper and I told him we must finish the job. We did. That was my first attempt at smokestack painting."

"Now I am quicker than pappy is, and he stays down and pulls me up and keeps his eyes on the rope. But when we are called to a distant city we work together on the same smokestack—it's company for us both then. And, too, he would be very lonesome if I did not go around with him."

I watched her pull herself up another smokestack, says a writer in the American Magazine. She was absolutely unconscious of the gaping crowd in the street below and of the congested traffic brought forth by the unusual sight of this slim girl of 23 painting away, first with one hand and then with the other, as she talked gayly with "Pappy," all the while meeting his strokes on the other side of the stack.

Miss Pixley affects no masculine airs and no particular style of dress. Unconsciously your mind will conjure up a monstrosity of some sort and you will think the young painter a person of blunt sensibilities. You are mistaken. She is small and has finely chiseled features. Her work in the open air has given her a becoming coat of tan. Her eyes are brown and she has a straightforward way of looking at you.

The work pays well, and Miss Pixley is ambitious for her family to own a home. She gets all the big contracts from the large distilleries, electric light plants and big flour mills around Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio.

NED, BESS AND MYSELF

OR,

THE SEARCH FOR THE KING'S LOST GOLD MINE

By ED KING

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER I.

A DAY OF STRANGE ADVENTURES.

Ned, Bess and myself were on the good ship California, Captain Jeremiah Brockton, master, bound for Australia.

Ned Downs was a young sailor before the mast, while I, Arthur Wardell, and my sister, Bess, were passengers, taking a journey around the world.

Bess and I were orphans and our property, which was reputed to be considerable, although I did not know its extent, was taken care of by our uncle and guardian, Cyrus Weatherford.

The latter had suggested that I travel before settling down to business, and so I started from San Francisco, where I lived, on a tour of the world, Bess going along, as we were nearly of an age and had always been inseparable.

Bess was often called my younger brother, for there was scarcely anything that I did which she could not, being a good swimmer, boxer and rider and quite as good a shot with a pistol or a rifle as I was.

We were going to take the trip alone, for I was considered quite old enough to look out for myself, being considerably past seventeen years of age, and being supplied with letters of credit upon which I could draw at any point on my route, I had no fear of being able to make the long journey safely.

I became acquainted with Ned on the first day out and took to him at once, for he was a bright, cheery, intelligent young fellow, afraid of nothing, ready to do anything and everything for a friend, and was, besides, an orphan like myself.

Bess became as fond of him as I was and Ned from the first showed a great liking for her, and I could easily see that it would not be long before it would be much more than a liking on the part of both.

Whenever Ned's duties permitted it we three were together, and many were the strolls on deck in the moonlight we had and many were the yarns we all spun and the merry times we had together.

We were out several weeks, and had had some weather and had been blown considerably out of our course, the captain said, when early one morning, just before sunrise, Ned called me and told me to get up, for we had sighted a lovely island and he wanted me to see it.

Bess and I were both on deck just as the sun came up out of the sea, and the sight we saw was indeed a lovely

one, although many times afterward I had reason to regret that I had ever seen it.

Lying not ten miles distant was an island with a strip of white beach upon which the surf dashed incessantly, a belt of dark green forest beyond this and in the distance, above all, a purple mountain, whose misty top seemed to pierce the very sky itself.

"What island is that, Ned?" I asked, as the young sailor approached.

"I don't know. This is my first deep sea voyage. The captain says it isn't on the usual route. We're going to anchor in the bay there and send a boat ashore."

"To stay any time?" I asked, eagerly. "I'd give anything for a run on shore after being cooped up in a ship all these weeks."

"Why yes, I guess so. The captain is going to take on fresh water and fruit, and we're likely to stay here for some time."

Captain Brockton now came along, and I said:

"Captain, I understand that you intend to go ashore. May I go?"

"Certainly, my boy," he said, effusively. "We'll be on shore five or six hours and if you want to get a shot at something, here's your chance. You'll be anxious to shoot something, I suppose?"

"When shall you send the boats ashore?" I asked in answer to his question.

"Right away after breakfast, so's we can finish up and get off again some time this afternoon."

The California lay to at a safe distance beyond the surf, about half a mile from shore, and as soon as breakfast was over two boats set out for the island, one containing the captain, Ned, Bess and myself and four sailors, the other in charge of the mate and six sailors and towing two empty casks, which were to be filled with fresh water.

The surf beat heavily upon the beach and there were dangerous reefs through which we were obliged to pass, but our men pulled strong and steady and at last our boat touched the sands and the men sprang out and shoved it well up the beach before the retreating wave could carry it back again.

"Now then, my lad," said the skipper to me, "you can go and enjoy yourself, but don't get lost, and be sure and get back by three o'clock six bells, in the afternoon watch."

"All right, sir, I will. Come along, Bess; come on, Ned."

"To be sure that you're back on time," said the captain, "I'll fire a cannon from the ship an hour before we're

ready to start, and another one-half an hour later, so now be off with you and enjoy yourself while you can."

I had a couple of fine rifles and a brace of good pistols, besides plenty of ammunition, and I made sure of getting something, for I had heard that these solitary islands were always well stocked with game and it was easy enough to get a shot, as birds and small animals were totally unacquainted with man and knew no fear.

Ned carried one of the rifles slung over his shoulder and walked ahead, carrying in his hand a short, sharp axe with which to clear the way, for it was quite likely we would not keep to the open all the time and a path would have to be made.

At first we kept along shore in sight of the sea, but at the end of ten or fifteen minutes we turned aside on account of the cliffs, which were steep and rough and here and there broken by rifts, into which the waves dashed furiously, so that it was better traveling along the edge of the woods.

Ned was not always obliged to cut a path, and we made rapid progress, but it was fully an hour from the time we had left the boats before we stirred up anything, Bess getting a shot with her pistol at some small animal looking not unlike a pig, and giving it chase at once.

The creature escaped in the jungle, but I soon afterward brought down a fine bird, something like a partridge, and then Ned aroused another pig and raced after it, getting tangled up in the underbrush and having to literally cut himself with the ax, but killing his pig at the same time.

We now entered fully into the spirit of the sport and pushed on without the least thought of time, having only the idea of taking back a fine lot of fresh meat in our minds.

We pushed on and had come to a natural opening in the woods, when Bess suddenly sprang past me and fired at something on the edge of the glade.

Ned and I were about to follow when a strange object dropped from a tree, seized Bess and darted off with her in his arms.

"A savage!" I cried. "Quick, we must rescue her!"

"It was a huge ape," answered Ned, leaping forward.

We heard Bess scream and then heard the wild laugh of the creature who had seized her, and both of us dashed ahead, watching for a chance to get a shot without injuring her we loved best in the world.

Now we came in plain sight of the robber, who I could see was a monster ape or orang-outang, and then we would lose him among the trees or behind ledges of rock, but whether he was visible or not we pushed ahead, on the watch for a chance to get a shot at him.

Now the way was clear and open and we made good progress, and now it was tangled and we had to make detours or use the ax vigorously in order to clear the path, but whether clear or tangled, we sped on at our highest speed.

"Let me get a shot at him, the villain, and I'll blow his ugly head off," muttered Ned, his ax stuck in his belt and his rifle in his hand.

I felt the same way and would have fired a dozen times had I not been afraid of hitting Bess, whom he held in his hairy arms in such a way that it was impossible not to injure her.

He seemed quite the size of a man, strong and sinewy.

and with a length of limb that carried him over the ground much faster than we could travel, even when the way was clear.

He must have stopped now and then, because once or twice when we had lost him and then came upon him again, he seemed to spring up and leap away with his fair burden in his horrid arms as though he had been resting.

We took no heed of the direction in which we were going, nor of the time occupied, but it must have been fully an hour since the chase began when, nearly worn out with fatigue, our garments torn, our faces and hands scratched and bleeding and we quite ready to drop, had not the affair been so serious, we came to the edge of a deep ravine, to cross which seemed absolutely impossible.

"Where has the villain gone? We must have missed him in some way. We have followed the wrong path."

"Let us walk along the edge of the ravine," said Ned. "It seems to extend for a considerable distance."

"Hark!" I whispered. "What is that? Don't you hear the crackling of twigs?"

I had distinctly heard them, and now, looking across the ravine, I saw the huge ape make his way through the brush and appear in plain sight on the ledge.

At that moment the creature laid down his burden and sat on his haunches, grinning, chattering and beating his breast.

"Now!" I whispered. "You take the first shot, and if you miss, I'll fire."

"All right," and in an instant the shot rang out, startling the echoes and reverberations among the hills.

Fearing that Ned might have missed, I fired at the next instant, taking a good aim at the horrible creature's head.

There was a shriek of pain, a sound as of loose stones falling, and then, when the smoke had cleared, we saw the beast half way down the gully, hanging limp and lifeless on the limb of a tree that grew out of the rocks.

Bess was lying on the ground on the other side of the ravine, and now the question was how to get to her.

"Perhaps the gully is narrower further on," I suggested. "It seems so, at any rate."

"We can't get over there anyhow," said Ned. "I'd like to know how he managed it. Well, come on; we must find a way somehow."

We pushed on and suddenly came out upon a cliff overlooking the sea, when Ned, pointing to the open ocean, cried:

"Look! The ship! We are abandoned!"

CHAPTER II.

WHAT FURTHER BEFELL THE THREE FRIENDS.

The truth of Ned's words was forced upon me in an instant, for there, fully five miles distant, speeding toward the open sea under full sail, was the California.

"She may be lying off and on, Ned," I suggested. "It can't be that they would abandon us in this heartless fashion."

He took a small pocket telescope which he always carried, from the inside of his blue shirt, stretched it out to a length of three feet and put it to his eye.

(To be Continued)

FROM ALL POINTS

Nearly five thousand widows and minor children of veterans of the Spanish-American war or the Philippine insurrection would receive pensions under the Crago bill, passed December 4, by the House without debate. The bill provides that the widow of any officer or enlisted man who served ninety days during the Spanish-American war or the Philippine insurrection between April 18, 1898, and July 4, 1912, on certain conditions, shall receive a pension of \$12 a month. For each minor child, the widow would receive \$2, and in case of the widow's death the \$12 would be paid to the child or children. It is estimated that about \$1,000,000 would be added to pension appropriations by the measure.

F. Hopkinson Smith, writer, painter and lecturer, is of the opinion that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has done more harm to the world than any other book ever written. This statement was made in an address at the Camden, N. J., High School, and Mr. Smith based his assertion upon the belief that the book gave to the world an erroneous conception of the life of the negro and conditions before the war. He attributed much of the bitter resentment that prevailed in the South for so many years after the war to the general ill feeling engendered by statements in Mrs. Stowe's work. Mr. Smith also said that the general condition of the negro had not improved since the war, and that the colored population of the South was much happier and much better taken care of in the days of slavery.

Professor Bergonie, of Paris, the originator of the theory of nourishing the human body by means of electrical currents, has communicated to the Academy of Sciences the remarkable results of a series of experiments which seem fully to confirm his claims. Thus, a patient who was a physical wreck owing to inability to assimilate food and weighed only 49 kilograms (107 pounds), was subjected to a series of 40-minute applications of a high frequency current. He now weighs over 63 kilograms (138 pounds) and is of normal strength, although he eats much less than before the treatment. Professor Bergonie concluded his statement with the remark: "The moment is not distant when all troubles of malnutrition will be cured electrically."

Robert Hoe's library, consisting of 4,017 books and sets, the finest secular collection ever gathered under one ownership, was finally dispersed November 22, 1912, when the sale of the fourth section ended in the Anderson Galleries, Madison avenue and Fortieth street, N. Y. The four sales yielded a total of \$1,932,060.60, a sum larger by more than \$400,000 than the total of the sales of the four greatest libraries ever before offered at public sale. Its predecessors as record makers were: Heber library, sold in England in 1834-'37 for \$325,000; the Sunderland library sold in England in 1881-'83 for \$327,905; the Beckford library, sold in England in 1882-'83 for \$367,755, and the Ash-

burnham library, sold in England in 1891 and 1897-'98 for \$479,645, a grand total of \$1,500,305. The Hoe sale began in April, 1911, when the first section brought \$997,366. Part II. was sold last January for \$471,619.26, part III. last April for \$200,150.50, and part IV., now finished, \$262,924.85.

The use of modern methods for laying out frontier lines in the colonies is well brought out in the work which is now being done in the Congo region. According to a recent treaty, France ceded a certain amount of territory in Africa to Germany in exchange for concessions in Morocco, so that this led to expeditions on the part of both countries in order to fix the boundary lines. Capt. Periquet states that wireless telegraphy will be used for the first time on a large scale so as to determine latitudes exactly. Wireless stations now exist in the French possessions, also in Cameroon and Belgian Congo, and all these are to be utilized by the expeditions. They will carry improved kites for mounting the antenna wires, also the necessary wireless posts. For taking the latitude they use prism astrolabes which give very close results. These measurements will be combined with plans drawn up on the spot by the alidade, this latter being used especially for the important points. Once in possession of the data, they will draw up a map of the frontier region on as large a scale as possible. Other scientific work will be done at the same time, which is likely to be valuable, such as hydrography, orography, questions of population, botanical and ethnological research, terrestrial magnetism and the like.

Of all the life-saving devices proposed after the sinking of the Titanic, one of the most remarkable is that of Anton Milos, of No. 542 Ann street, West Hoboken, N. J. Milos says that if the Titanic had been equipped with his device not a life would have been lost unless through the fault of the victim himself; all hands would have been saved, even if the Carpathia had not tarried for many hours later than she did. Milos is looking for a backer, and in the meantime he is unwilling to describe his device in detail. It is constructed of canvas, gutta-percha and waterproof silk, and the inventor describes it as a perfect and thoroughly tried life-saving device, which enables any person to remain on the surface for days. The person is not subjected to any restriction and can freely change position, staying stationary, lying, moving, swimming, etc. It allows the passenger to carry with him his most important belongings, such as money, travelers' checks, documents, securities or bonds, and food and drink sufficient for a few days. "The passengers, when informed of their danger, need only from ten to twenty minutes to complete their preparations for the emergency. The condition of remaining on the surface is not endangered by the great waves of the sea. The device is not affected by the changes of temperature, and under no circumstances will it admit any water to the human body."

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ITEMS OF CURRENT NEWS

The coldest inhabited place in the world is undoubtedly Verkhayansk, in northeastern Siberia, with a mean annual temperature of less than three degrees above zero Fahrenheit, and a winter minimum of the remarkable temperature of 85 below.

Burglar-proof glass is now made in France. Embedded in the glass are light wires running in parallel transverse lines about one inch apart. The wires are connected with a battery, and carry a light charge of electricity. If the window is broken the electric current is broken, and a bell is caused to ring. The breaking of the wires releases a magnetic switch, causing an alarm to be given.

Red rain is fairly common, and in May, 1885, there was a heavy fall of blood red hail at Castlewellan, County Down, Ireland. The red hue was not merely on the surface. When one squeezed the pellets the fingers were deeply stained. A remarkable red rain fell at The Hague in the year 1676. The town was in an uproar one morning upon finding lakes and ditches which had contained water over night now full of "blood." A physician, however, took some of it from one of the canals, put it under his microscope and found that it was due to tiny red animals, all in a state of lively commotion. This, however, by no means reassured the populace, who thought such a prodigy no less awful than actual blood.

Before the Paris Academy of Medicine Dr. Guilbert recently gave the results of a study he had made on the relative value of different kinds of materials used for clothing from the point of view of bodily protection. He concluded that fibers of animal origin, such as wool and silk, were of greater protective value than fibers obtained from plants. Wool has an advantage over silk in that it does not absorb water as readily, and it loses its protective value less rapidly. A textile fabric made of a mixture of fibers loses in protective value out of proportion to the quantities of the dominant material used. The manner in which the fibers are worked up into a fabric is also of great importance. Thus Dr. Guilbert found that in all cases a woven cloth is superior to a knitted cloth.

It is commonly supposed that the ancients succeeded in hardening copper. Metallurgists who have examined specimens of this so-called hardened copper have found that it is not pure copper, but usually an alloy of copper, either natural (that is, the two metals existed in one ore, so that in the process of reduction an alloy was formed) or an artificial alloy made by melting two ores together, the one copper and the other zinc. The so-called Monel metal, now a regular product of an eastern copper refinery, is the modern equivalent of the ancient natural alloy—a compound of copper and nickel obtained by reducing the copper-nickel ores of the Sudbury mines in Ontario. All the arrowheads and other implements which have been found in the Sudbury district are made of this native copper-nickel, hardened only by hammering.

JOKES AND JESTS.

"I always believe in saving something for a rainy day." "How much have you saved?" "Oh, I haven't saved anything, but I believe in it."

"You may give three important illustrations of the power of the press," says the teacher to the class. The pupil who has not hitherto distinguished himself is first to reply: "Cider, courtship and politics."

"Well, I got even with that photographer who took my picture," said Dentist Pullem. "Good!" replied Dentist Fillem. "How did you do it?" "When he got into the chair to have a tooth drilled, I said: 'Now look pleasant, please!'"

"So you want to interest yourself in politics?" "Well," replied the energetic woman, "I kind o' thought maybe that if I could 'tend to the politics for the family, John would find time to stay home and put up some shelves in the pantry."

"There ought to be only one head to every family!" shouted the orator. "That's true," replied a worried looking man in the audience. "You agree with me?" shouted the speaker. "I do," replied the worried looking man. "I've just paid for hats for nine daughters."

"There's a sad case," said Mrs. Jones, as she laid the paper on her knees and wiped her spectacles. "A bride struck dumb after leaving the altar, and by last accounts she hadn't recovered her speech." "It's the way of the world, my dear," said old Mr. Jones, with a sigh. "It's the way of the world. Some men have all the luck."

Our new preacher hain't long fer these parts. Widow Blake, who does his washin', sez he hain't got one man's pair uv unmentionables tew his name. She sez ev'ry pair is jest knee high, and they hev three initials on 'em what ain't his'n by a long shot. She also sed that she asked him ef he hed ever bin in ther place wher ther tag sez they wuz made, and he hain't never bin ther, nuther

OUT TO-DAY! 

 **OUT TO-DAY!**

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OUT TO-DAY! 

 **OUT TO-DAY!**

OUR MYSTERIOUS BOARDER.

By Alexander Armstrong.

It would be hard to find a more quiet, dull, out-of-the-way little village than Rawdon.

I took up my abode there in a large, rambling farmhouse, open for three months every year to summer visitors. There was a party of nine, who had had full possession of the farmhouse for several years, for the three summer months, and we rather resented the invasion when one morning Mrs. Deane informed us that she had rented her one vacant room to an invalid widow, who had stipulated to have her meals in her room. When the invalid widow arrived we watched her into her room with the natural curiosity of the occasion, and discussed what could be seen of her as we plied our needles, rocking-chairs and tongues at once. Presently Mrs. Deane came back to us.

"Ah, poor thing!" she said, pityingly, "she is very weak, and has had a long illness. All her hair has been cut off, and is in a little close crop, like a boy's; and she has lost her voice entirely—can't speak above a whisper. She is lying down, and I'm going to take her a cup of tea."

Some expressions of sympathy were exchanged and then we discussed the latest fashions.

Amongst the letters that morning was one from my husband, who is a detective, and gave me particulars of a

great bank robbery and his own share in the work of tracking the thieves.

"The man I am after," he wrote, "is Day. There is strong evidence against him and it is probable that he has most of the missing bonds, money and valuables with him."

I took up the newspapers, of which John always sent me an ample supply wherever I might be, and read the account of the robbery; and then, as usual, my mind went over all the dangers to John, not comforted one bit by the possibility that he might secure the reward offered by the bank for the capture of the thieves.

It may be that my mind has been influenced by John's business, and for that reason I can never come near a mystery without trying to solve it.

Now the widow was a mystery to me. My room was directly over hers, which was a small one on the first floor, that had never been used as a bedroom before, and opened into the garden on one side.

The first circumstance that attracted my attention was that the delicate invalid, who dared not risk the soft summer air in the daytime, was in the habit of stealing out of her room after the family had retired, and walking for hours in the night, sometimes in the garden, pacing up and down, sometimes going out at the gate, only to return hours later, and enter the house most cautiously, but not so softly that I did not hear her.

Another curious fact was that the trays of food carried

to her room might have satisfied the appetite of a plowman; and yet more than once I knew that Mrs. Dane took up a second supply.

Once watching, I also discovered that the widow had a heavy step and a long stride in walking, more like a soldier than an invalid lady.

Each day I became more convinced that the seclusion of our new boarder was not caused by ill-health alone; but my utmost endeavors could not secure a glimpse of her face. Her curtains were always down, and she had been three weeks in the house without once crossing the sill of the door leading into the hall, while in her nocturnal rambles she wore her veil closely drawn.

But one day, when July was half gone, there was a picnic of all the visitors, who went away at unearthly morning hours in a great hay wagon, and were not to return until evening. At the last minute I decided to remain at home; but Mrs. Deane, finding my door fastened, thought I had gone with the rest.

Many times I had heard her voice in Mrs. Churchill's room, though the whispered answer was lost to me; but on that day I listened eagerly as she urged the invalid to sit for an hour upon the porch.

The widow consented, and a little while after Mrs. Deane left her to go to a neighbor for some butter.

When she was gone, I stole upon slippered feet to the parlor. From one window, quite unseen myself, I watched the widow. For the first time I saw her face, a pale, strong featured countenance, with closely curling brown hair, not unattractive in a masculine style. Her hands, large and white, lay upon her lap, in constant motion, twisting a large seal ring, plaiting the fringe of her shawl, pushing back her hair occasionally; but never still.

Suddenly she spoke—to the air, the roses, the flies, to me, though she did not know that—and in a rich, deep voice, said, with an oath, "I've half a mind to risk it."

Then, as if the sound of her voice scared her, she looked around her. Nothing terrifying was in sight, and, throwing off her shawl, she went to her own room through the door that opened upon the porch. Two minutes later she was back again, smoking a cigar.

I sped upstairs, put on my hat, stole down to the kitchen, out of the back door and across to Mr. Crowley's, a farmer. Half an hour later I was on my way to the railway station as fast as Mr. Crowley's best horse could carry me.

A telegram to John was dispatched, and he came as fast as steam would bring him, and no one expected him when he drove up and brought two quiet-looking gentlemen to Mrs. Deane's.

"Now, then," John said, when we were alone, "where is Day?"

"Have you a photograph?"

One was given me.

"Yes," I said. "It is the same face, without the beard or mustache."

And I told John all I knew about our mysterious boarder.

There was no noise made. Early in the morning a closed carriage drove up to Mrs. Deane's gate, and the widow was roused from her morning nap before she could secure her pistol. Very quietly three men walked down

the garden path to the gate and the driver of the carriage was sent back for the trunk, in which was found the stolen property.

John bought me the prettiest cottage with the reward.

THE CAMERA AS A DETECTIVE.

Each year shows an increasing employment of photography in the detection of crime. There is reported from India a case of diamond theft, in which no evidence against the arrested person could be found. A policeman familiar with the artifices of the native criminals suggested that an X-ray photograph be taken of the man's throat. The test revealed the hidden diamond. By a trick which Hindu jewel thieves learn after severe practice the fellow had "side swallowed" the stone.

Not so long ago evidence that smugglers in the Argentine Republic were receiving gems through the mails put the authorities on the watch. Postal matter in transit could not be legally opened, but on suspicion many registered letters and parcels were examined by the X-ray, with the result that many thousands of dollars' worth of precious stones were discovered.

A man taking long distance views from one of the upper windows of a very tall building in Buffalo caught the picture of a passing express wagon with a man behind in the act of lifting a large package from the wagon. The thief got away with his booty unnoticed by the driver or any one in the street, but the photograph, when sufficiently enlarged, identified and convicted him.

A marine view taken by a passenger on a foreign steamer in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro included a small yacht. Two men had gone out in the yacht that morning. Only one returned alive. He said that his companion had fallen from a mast and been drowned, but his story was not believed. He was tried and convicted as a murderer. The trial had been fully reported in the papers and one day it occurred to the photographer to apply a powerful glass to his picture, in order to discover the character of a small, dark mark on the sail. Under the magnifier the spot on the sail proved to be the figure of a falling man. The photographer reported his discovery, with the result that as soon as it had been officially verified the convicted man was released.

The Bureau of Navigation of the Navy Department has issued a circular giving information for those desiring to enter the dental corps of the navy. As acting assistant dental surgeon an applicant must be between twenty-four and thirty-two years of age and a graduate of a reputable medical or dental school, legally authorized to confer the degree of doctor of dental surgery. Application should be made to the chief of the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington. Blank forms for making the application will be forwarded by the bureau. The candidate will have to pass both a physical and professional examination. No allowance will be made for the expenses of persons appearing for examination. On entering the naval service dental officers are credited with five years' constructive service and for every five years' service the pay is increased ten per cent. At the age of 32 years a dental officer is retired on three-fourths of the highest pay of his grade at the time of retirement.

GOOD READING

The engineer of a factory at Duisburg, Germany, was recently haled to court on the charge of having tampered with his electrical meter. The evidence against him was that his bill for current for the year was but 188 marks, as against 587 marks for the preceding year. The accused engineer explained that he had substituted metal filament lamps for the carbon lamps and that this had resulted in the saving of 68 per cent. As there was no other evidence against him but that of the bill, the court decided the case in favor of the defendant.

The United States consul at Singapore states that oil extracted from the liver of the shark is placed on the market under the guise of cod-liver oil. He says: "It has been proposed to start in Malaysia a small export trade in shark's-liver oil. This oil is refined in Europe, and sold as cod-liver oil. In October, the ocean sharks come into the lagoon between the barrier reef and the atolls, to pair. At this time they can be speared in large numbers by people skilled in catching them. There are several species of these sharks, and they ordinarily run from seven to fifteen feet in length. The liver of a shark eleven feet in length gives about five gallons of oil."

Governor Chase S. Osborn of Michigan preached a sermon in Chicago the other day from the pulpit of his friend, the Rev. Myron E. Adams, of the First Baptist Church. The Governor pleaded for less ostentation on the part of women church members. He suggested a uniform church dress that would be plain and inexpensive and would not frighten away poor women who now stayed away from church because they could not compete in dress with prosperous women. "I've often wished that Protestant churches in this country would follow the habit I have observed in Spain and in South America among Catholic churchgoers," he said. "There it is the custom for women to dress in plain black for church. I wish that our women would do so and then the poor would come."

Newly-found neolithic deposits near Lyons comprise remains hidden in an oval grotto seventeen feet long and ten feet wide. The grotto was discovered by men digging in a quarry recently. While it contained human bones, it was not a sepulcher. The place was an ossuary, used for bones cast out of sepulchers. The bones were either skulls or from limbs; there were no other parts of the skeleton, and nothing was found with the bones but objects hollowed out of stones, molds, or other receptacles. Of the fourteen skulls taken from the ruins, twelve are distinctly long-headed; the others, which are short-headed, show that there had been an infiltration of new blood. The bones were from a skeleton which, if normal, was of a height of about five feet. The skull was regular, the forehead was rounded and well developed, the face was short, and the orbits were low and widened transversally. Evidently the men of the grotto were of the race that occupied the south of France toward the end of the paleolithic period.

An extraordinary instance of presence of mind, on the part of a German Drum Major, was the one action necessary to save the life of a child. The incident was as follows: A regiment of the imperial army resting in a country road was appalled to see a great bull madly pursuing a little child in a field nearby, and yet so far away that the child could not be reached in time to save it nor yet saved by the shooting of the animal. The bull had his horns down, and all the soldiers were horrified to see that in another moment the child must be gored to death. For an instant then the Drum Major shouted to the buglers of the band, who stood near with their instruments in their hands, to sound a loud blast. They looked aghast. "Sound, I say, for heaven's sake, to save the child!" repeated the Drum Major. Then the buglers blew a blast at the top of their lungs. The Drum Major knew that animals of that species were so much affected by strange and high pitched musical sounds that they seemed compelled to imitate them. This bull proved to be no exception to the rule. As soon as he heard the bugle blast he paused in his pursuit of the child, glanced toward the band, raised his head, and began to bellow madly. The buglers kept up as high and discordant a tumult as they could, and meantime soldiers were running to the rescue of the child. Before the bull had finished his attention to the bugles the child was in a place of safety.

A four billion dollar foreign trade by the United States in 1912 will be one of the most noteworthy facts for historians to record of the American nation at the beginning of the new year. In announcing the totals of the export and import trade of the country for the ten months ending with October, the bureau of domestic and foreign commerce stated the foreign commerce would reach this enormous total by the end of December. Its highest former record was \$2,626,000,000, in 1911. It crossed the three billion dollar line for the first time in 1906 and passed two billions in 1899. Imports in the ten months amounted to \$1,511,000,000 and exports to \$1,871,000,000, making it apparent that the imports of the full year will approximate \$1,800,000,000 and the exports \$2,300,000,000, totaling \$4,100,000,000. Imports have practically doubled in value since 1901 and exports have practically doubled since 1904. The exports of domestic products, which had never touched the two billion mark until 1911, will in 1912 approximate two and a quarter billion dollars. One of the striking features of the rapidly enlarging import trade is the increase in importations of non-dutiable merchandise. In 1902 it was but \$409,000,000, and in 1912 seems likely to approximate \$975,000,000. This increase in foreign trade, while distributed among all the grand divisions except Africa, is especially apparent in the trade with neighbors on the American continent. The Atlantic ports get the lion's share of the increase in imports, but the northern border and Pacific coast ports show the largest percentages of gains in exports.

ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

PLANS FOR PARCELS POST.

The rush of mail prior to the Christmas holidays is to be the occasion of a sort of "dress rehearsal" of the preparations made by the Postoffice Department for the handling of the parcels post on Jan. 1, according to announcements made by Postmaster General Hitchcock, Nov. 19.

Tentative estimates of the business that will be thrown to the department with the establishment of the parcels post have made it obvious, Mr. Hitchcock said, that a considerable increase in the clerical force will be necessary. Men are being selected to fill the new jobs and the force will be ready when the rush of Christmas mail sets in. Contracts have been made for automobile and horse trucks for the handling of the parcel business.

The whole additional machinery will be tried, with the aid of the holiday mail, Mr. Hitchcock said. The volume of business during these days is approximately about what the average will be when the parcels post is added.

Mr. Hitchcock conferred with the commission which was appointed in October to make an investigation of the best types of tubes for the rapid transmission of mail from the Grand Central Terminal to the Pennsylvania station. He said a tube system connecting these two important mail branches was absolutely necessary, and that the department was contemplating a most efficient service there. No tube connection exists at present between the two stations.

CANADA PLANS TO BUILD THREE BATTLE-SHIPS.

Canada proposes to add three of the most powerful battleships afloat, at a cost of \$35,000,000 to the naval defense of the British Empire.

These vessels are to be built in Great Britain and will form part of the British fleet, but they can be recalled to form part of a Canadian navy should such a step be necessary.

This policy was announced recently in the House of Commons by Premier R. L. Borden in a long and carefully prepared address, in which he reviewed the status of naval affairs in the world, and told of the burden which had been thrown on the mother country through the aggressive naval policy of Germany in particular.

Premier Borden, in opening his speech, dwelt upon the growth of Canada and other over-sea dominions, and with it the increasing need of protection.

The Premier announced that with the new order of things Canada would have a voice in foreign affairs.

"When Great Britain no longer assumes sole responsibility for defense upon the high seas," he said, "she can no longer undertake to assume sole responsibility for or sole control of foreign policy."

He quoted a memorandum prepared for the Canadian Government by the Admiralty. It reviewed the recent growth of the naval forces, especially those of Germany. It stated that in the spring of 1915 Great Britain would

have in home waters, twenty-five dreadnaughts, two Lord Nelsons and six battle cruisers; Germany, seventeen dreadnaughts and six battle cruisers. To-day Britain has eighteen dreadnaughts, against nineteen possessed by the other nations of Europe. In 1913, the comparative strength will be twenty-four to twenty-one, in 1914, thirty-one to thirty-four, and in 1915, thirty-five to fifty-one.

Premier Borden declared none of the dreadnaughts, or which Canada is to give \$35,000,000, could be built in Canada because the country was not prepared to build such ships.

RATES FOR PANAMA CANAL.

President Taft issued a proclamation Nov. 14, fixing the rates that the foreign shipping of the world shall pay for passage through the Panama Canal. The proclamation, made under authority of the canal act passed by Congress in August, establishes a merchant vessel rate of \$1.0 a net ton of actual carrying capacity, with a reduction of 40 per cent. on ships in ballast.

The provisions of the proclamation are as follows:

1. On merchant vessels carrying passengers or cargo, \$1.20 per net vessel ton—each 100 cubic feet—of actual earning capacity.
2. On vessels in ballast without passengers or cargo, 40 per cent. less than the rate of tolls for vessels with passengers and cargo.

3. On naval vessels, other than transports, colliers, hospital ships and supply ships, 50 cents per displacement ton.

4. On army and navy transports, colliers, hospital ships and supply ships, \$1.20 per net ton, the vessels to be measured by the same rules as are employed in determining the net tonnage of merchant vessels.

The Secretary of War will prepare and prescribe such rules for the measurement of vessels and such regulations as may be necessary and proper to carry the proclamation into full force and effect.

American coastwise shipping was exempted from toll payment by Congress. It was to this provision of the act that Great Britain diplomatically protested, but no reference to the incident was made in the President's proclamation.

American naval vessels are exempted without specific mention either in the act of Congress or the proclamation, because the authorities believe it unnecessary to explain the uselessness of payment from its navy department pocket to the treasury department pocket. The rates named in the proclamation are practically the same as those which will be in force at the Suez Canal next year.

The President based his declaration of rates on the report and investigation of Prof. Emory Johnson, of the University of Pennsylvania, who was designated by executive order for the task. The report has been awaited with interest by shipping men throughout the world.

CHANGING MONEY TRICK BOX.

With this trick box you can make money change, from a penny into a dime or vice versa. Also make dimes appear and disappear at your command. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG,

1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

INDIAN FINGER TRAP.

A couple can be joined together and their struggle to be released only makes matters worse. It will hold them as tight as a rat-trap, and the more they try to pull away, the tighter it grips. Our traps are extra long. Price, 10c. each; 3 for 25c. by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

THE JUMPING BEAN.

The funniest thing out! You place them in a plate, and they suddenly hop up into the air with the most astonishing agility.

These queer little fellows are guaranteed to mystify the smartest professor by their mysterious actions. Nobody can account for their funny movements. More fun than a circus! Get a few and watch their strange jumps. Price, 5c. each, or 6 for 25c. by mail.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

HINDOO FLOWER-POT TRICK

With this trick you can make a plant grow right up in a flower-pot, before the eyes of your audience. An ordinary empty earthen flower-pot is handed to the spectators for examination. A handkerchief is then placed over it, and you repeat a few magic words, and wave your wand over it. When the handkerchief is removed there is a beautiful plant, apparently in full bloom, in the pot. Full directions with each outfit. Price, 15 cents by mail, postpaid.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

NOISY HANDKERCHIEF.

A great deal of amusement may be had with this little article. It imitates the blowing of the nose exactly, except that the noise is magnified at least a dozen times, and sounds like the bass-horn in a German band. This device is used by simply placing it between the teeth and blowing. The harder the blow the louder the noise. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

FIFFI.

Also known as a Japanese butterfly. A pleasing novelty enclosed in an envelope. When the envelope is opened Fiffi will fly out through the air for several yards. Made of colored paper to represent a butterfly.

Price, 10c.

SIX INCHES wide.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

GOOD LUCK BANKS.

Ornamental as well as useful. Made of highly nickelized brass. It holds just One Dollar. When filled it opens itself. Remains locked until refilled. Can be used as a watchcharm. Money refunded if not satisfied. Price, 10c. by mail.

L. Senarens, 347 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

JAPANESE WATER FLOWERS

Without exception, the most beautiful and interesting things on the market. They consist of a dozen dried-up sprigs, neatly encased in handsomely decorated envelopes, just as they are imported from Japan. Place one sprig in a bowl of water, and it begins to exude various bright tints. Then it slowly opens out into various shapes of exquisite flowers. They are of all colors of the rainbow. It is very amusing to watch them take form. Small size, price 5 cents; large size, 10 cents a package, by mail, postpaid.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

REMINGTON UMC

Solid-breech Hammerless .22 REPEATER

SOLID-BREECH HAMMERLESS SIDE-EJECTING

Sure Safe Shooting for Man or Boy—And a Simple Rifle to Care For

The Remington-UMC .22 Repeater is rifled, sighted and tested for accuracy by expert gunsmiths. It shoots as you hold. The simple, improved safety device on every Remington-UMC .22 repeater never fails to work. Accidental discharge is impossible.

The Remington-UMC .22 Repeater is easily cared for. In taking down, your fingers are your only tools. The breech block, firing pin and extractor, come out in one piece—permitting the barrel to be cleaned from the breech.

The action handles .22 short, .22 long or .22 long rifle cartridges—any or all at the same time without adjustment.

Remington-UMC—the perfect shooting combination

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VENTRiloquism

Almost anyone can learn it at home. Small cost. Send to-day 2-cent stamp for particulars and proof. O. A. SMITH, Room 1D9, 823 Bigelow St., Peoria, Ill.



FALSE MUSTACHES, BEARDS, ETC.

Mustaches 15c. each, 2 for 25c.; full beards and side whiskers, 75c. each. Can be had in five colors—gray, red, dark brown, light brown and black. Name color you want. Address CHAS. UNGER, Dept. 6, 316 Union Street, Jersey City, N. J.

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquist Double Throat fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary, and imitate birds and beasts of the field and forest. Loads of fun. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price: only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents, or 12 for 50 cents. Double Throat Co. Opt. K Frenchtown, N.J.

Wizard Repeating LIQUID PISTOL

Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury.

Perfectly safe to carry without danger of leakage. Fires and recharges by pulling the trigger. Loads from any liquid. No cartridges required. Over six shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, 50c. Pistol with rubber covered holster, 55c. Holsters separate, 10c. Money order or U.S. stamps. No coins.

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IT ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our unheard of prices and marvelous offers on highest grade 1918 model bicycles.

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REMEDY sent to you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send \$1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. W.E. Sterline, 837 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio.

MYSTERY, MAGIC AND FUN.

250 Jokes and Riddles, 73 Toasts, 67 Parlor Tricks, 8 Fortune Telling Secrets, 52 Money-Making Secrets, 22 Funny Readings. All 10c. Postpaid. CHAS. UNGER, 316 Union Street, Dept. 6, Jersey City, N.J.

CACHOO OR SNEEZING POWDER.

The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it comes from. It is very light, will float in the air for some time, and penetrate every neck and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoo is put up in bottles, and one bottle contains enough to be used from 10 to 15 times. Price, by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N.Y.

PICK-ME-OUT PUZZLE.



The head is finished in black Japan, and in the mouth is a highly polished steel ball. The puzzle is to pick out the ball. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c. by mail, postpaid.

M. O'NEILL,
425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

VANISHING CIGAR.



This cigar is made in exact imitation of a good one. It is held by a rubber cord which, with the attached safety pin, is fastened on the inside of the sleeve. When offered to a friend, as it is about to be taken, it will instantly disappear.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.
H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

PIGGY IN A COFFIN.

This is a wicked pig that died at an early age, and here he is in his coffin ready for burial. There will be a great many mourners at his funeral, for this coffin, pretty as it looks, is very tricky, and the man who gets it open will feel real grief. The coffin is made of metal, perfectly shaped and beautifully lacquered. The trick is to open it to see the pig. The man that tries it gets his fingers and feelings hurt, and piggy comes out to grunt at his victims. The tubular end of the coffin, which everyone (in trying to open) presses inward, contains a needle which stabs the victim in his thumb or finger every time. This is the latest and a very "impressive" trick. It can be opened easily by anyone in the secret, and as a neat catch-joke to save yourself from a bore is unsurpassed. Price, 10c.; 3 for 25c., postpaid; one dozen by express, 75c.

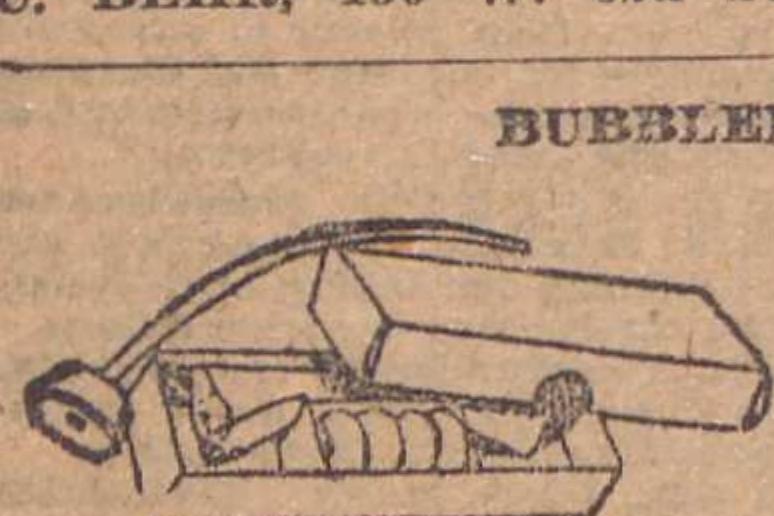
WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

MAGIC DIE BLOCK.

A wonderfully deceptive trick! A solid block, two inches square, is made to appear and disappear at pleasure. Borrowing a hat from one of the audience, you place the block on top, sliding a cardboard cover (which may be examined) over it. At the word of command you lift the cover, the block is gone, and the same instant it falls to the floor, through the hat, with a solid thud, or into one of the spectator's hands. You may vary this excellent trick by passing the block through a table and on to the floor beneath, or through the lid of a desk into the drawer, etc. This trick never fails to astonish the spectators, and can be repeated as often as desired.

Price, 35c., postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.



soap-bubble games, such as Floating Bubbles, Repeaters, Surprise Bubbles, Double Bubbles, The Boxers, Lung Tester, Supported Bubbles, Rolling Bubbles, Smoke Bubbles, Bouncing Bubbles, and many others. Ordinary bubble-blowing, with a pipe and soap water, are not in it with this scientific toy. It produces larger, more beautiful and stronger bubbles than you can get by the ordinary method. The games are intensely interesting, too.

Price, 12c. by mail.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

LATEST GIANT TYPEWRITER.



It is strongly made, but simple in construction, so that any one can quickly learn to operate it, and write as rapidly as they would with pen and ink. The letters of the alphabet most frequently used being so grouped as to enable one to write rapidly; the numerals, 1 to 10, and the punctuation marks being together. With this machine you can send letters, address envelopes, make out bills, and do almost any kind of work not requiring a large, expensive machine. With each typewriter we send a tube of ink and full instructions for using the machine. Price complete, \$1.00, by express.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THE FINGER THROUGH THE HAT.

Having borrowed a hat from your friend, push your finger through the crown of it, and it is seen to move about. Though very amusing to others, the owner of the hat does not see the joke, but thinks it meanness to destroy his hat; yet when it is returned it is perfectly uninjured. Price, 10c. each by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

RAVELLING JOKE.

Yards upon yards of laughs. Don't miss it! Everyone falls for this one. It consists of a nice little bobbin around which is wound a spool of thread. You pin the bobbin under the lapel of your coat, and pull the end of the thread through your button hole, then watch your friends try to pick the piece of thread off your coat. Enough said! Get one! Price, 12c. each, by mail. Postage stamps taken same as money.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

LITTLE GIANT MICROSCOPE.

This powerful little instrument is made of oxidized metal. It stands on two supports made the exact length, to get a sharp, 1-inch focus on the object to be magnified. There is a high-powered lens of imported glass mounted in the circular eye-piece. It can be used to detect impurities in liquids, for examining cloths, or to magnify any object to enormous size. Can be carried in the vest pocket.

Price, 6c. each, postpaid.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

SLICK TRICK PENCIL.

This one is a hummer! It is to all appearances an ordinary, but expensive lead pencil, with nickel trimmings. If your friend wants your pencil for a moment, hand it to him. When he attempts to write with it, the end instantly turns up, and he cannot write a stroke.

Price, 10c., postpaid.

H. F. LANG,
1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

IMITATION FLIES.

Absolutely true to Nature! A dandy scarf-pin and a rattling good joke. It is impossible to do these pins justice with a description. You have to see them to understand how lifelike they are. When people see them on you they want to brush them off. They wonder "why that fly sticks to you" so persistently. This is the most realistic novelty ever put on the market. It is a distinct ornament for anybody's necktie, and a decided joke on those who try to chase it.

Price, 10c. by mail postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

THREE COIN REGISTER BANK

One of latest and best novelties on the market. It adds and registers Nickels, Dimes and Quarters put through the same slot. It holds coins to the amount of Ten Dollars, and then opens itself automatically. One lever action does all the work. Other banks only hold one kind of coin, whereas this one takes three kinds. The three coin bank is handsomely finished, is guaranteed mechanically perfect, operates with ease and accuracy, and does not get out of order.

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H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

RUBBER TACKS.

They come six in a box. A wonderful imitation of the real tack. Made of rubber. The box in which they come is the ordinary tack box. This is a great parlor entertainer and you can play a lot of tricks with the tacks. Place them in the palm of your hand, point upward. Then snap the other hand over the tacks and it will seem as if you are committing suicide. Or you can show the tacks and then put them in your mouth and chew them, making believe you have swallowed them. Your friends will think you are a magician. Then, again, you can exhibit the tacks and then quickly push one in your cheek or somebody else's cheek and they will shriek with fear. Absolutely harmless and a very practical and funny joke.

Price by mail, 10c. a box of 6 tacks; 3 for 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

NEW TEN-CENT FOUNTAIN PEN.



One of the most peculiar and mystifying pens on the market. It requires no ink. All you have to do is to dip it in water, and it will write for an indefinite period. The secret can only be learned by procuring one, and you can make it a source of both pleasure and amusement by claiming to your friends what it can do and then demonstrating the fact. Moreover, it is a good pen, fit for practical use, and will never leak ink into your pocket, as defective fountain pen might do.

Price, 10c. each by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

SLIDE THE PENCIL.

The pencil that keeps the guessing. Made of wood a lead just like an ordinary pencil, but when your victim starts to write with it—presto! the lead disappears. It is so constructed that the slightest pressure on the paper makes the lead slide into the wood. Very funny and a practical joke.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid; 3 for 25c.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

BLACK-EYE JOKE.

New and amusing joker. The victim is told to hold the tube close to his eye so as to exclude all light from the back, and then to remove the tube until pictures appear in the center. In trying to locate the pictures he will receive the finest black-eye you can saw. We furnish a small box of blackening preparation with each tube, so the joke can be used indefinitely. Those not in the tube will be caught every time. A little harmless. Price by mail 15c. ea 2 for 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

PIN MOUSE.

It is made of cast metal and has the exact color, shape and size of a live mouse. Pinned your or somebody else's cloth will have a startling effect upon the spectators. The screaming fun had by this little novelty, especially in the presence of ladies, is more than can be imagined. If a cat happens to be there, there is no other fun to be compared with it.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid; 3 for 25c.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

TRICK CIGARETTE BOX.

This one is a corker! Get the box right away, if you want to have a barrel of joy. Here's the secret: It looks like an ordinary red box of Turkish cigarettes. But it contains a trigger, under which you place a paper cap. Offer your friend a smoke and he raises the lid of the box. That explodes the cap, and if you are wise you will get out of sight with the box before he gets over thinking he was shot. Price, 15c. postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

LIGHTNING TRICK BOX.

A startling and pleasing illusion! "The ways of the world are devious," says Matthew Arnold, but the ways of the Lightning Trick Box when properly handled are admitted to be puzzling and uncertain. You take off the lid and show your friends that it is full of nice candy. Replace the lid, when you can solemnly assure your friends that you can instantly empty the box in their presence without opening it; and taking off the lid again, sure enough the candy has disappeared. Or you can change the candy into a piece of money by following the directions sent with each box. This is the neatest and best cheap trick ever invented.

Price, only 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed, postpaid.

M. O'NEILL, 425 W. 56th St., N. Y.

WHISTLEPHONE

This is one of the greatest musical instruments ever invented. It is made entirely of metal and is almost invisible when in use. With it, in a few moments, you can learn to play all kinds of tunes, have lots of fun, please and amaze your friends and make some money, too. It is for either song or piano accompaniment by itself alone. You place the whistlephone in the mouth with half circle out, place of tongue to rounded part and blow as if to cool the lips. A few trials will enable one to play any tune or air.

Price 6 cents each by mail, post-paid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

OUR TEN-CENT HAND BOOKS

No. 1 NAPOLEON'S ORACULUM AND DREAM BOOK.—Containing the great oracle of human destiny; also the true meaning of almost any kind of dreams, together with charms, ceremonies, and curious games of cards.

No. 2. HOW TO DO TRICKS.—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instruction on all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy of this book.

No. 3. HOW TO FLIRT.—The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window and hat flirtation, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers.

No. 4. HOW TO DANCE is the title of this little book. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ballroom and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all popular square dances.

No. 5. HOW TO MAKE LOVE.—A complete guide to love, courtship and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed.

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